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THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

by MACAULAY

Edited by M·H·Shackford

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Preparatory

Thayer Academy

1909-10

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THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

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Heath's English Classics

THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

EDITED BY

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD, PH.D.

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WELLESLEY COLLEGE

BOSTON, U.S.A.
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS
1907

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PREFACE

THE desire of the reader of these poems should be to gain as lively a sense as possible of the civilization, the manners, the customs, and the ideals of Ancient Rome, and also to respond to the thrilling style in which Macaulay made the events dramatic. In *The Lays of Ancient Rome* the poet became an impassioned champion of patriotism and a revealer of the sturdy gifts of the orator who speaks, impromptu, on a subject near his heart. The lays should be read early in the pupil's course in literature, for the fiery sweep of Macaulay's popular measure, the excitement of his narrative, and the brilliant picturesqueness of his allusions, win the loyal admiration of young readers, and teach them many truths of history and of literature. It will be a comparatively simple matter to lead students on from the metallic charm of Macaulay's verse to the more genuinely melodious and imaginative beauty of *The Ancient Mariner*, or of *L'Allegro*, or of the lyrics in *The Golden Treasury*.

The arrangement of notes in this volume will be clear at a glance. Geographical names are treated briefly in foot-notes, the aim being to suggest the district in which each town was, and thus to state whether it was, or was not, near Rome. Students can find the exact location by referring to the map. The notes explanatory of the text do not contain comment upon purely poetic values, for all suggestions in regard to the study and appreciation of Macaulay's art have been grouped together (page 106), in the belief that pupils will gain more literary insight if they are made to study the poetry in unified fashion, viewing the subject of poetics systematically. If students devote themselves, in the first reading of the lays, to understanding the

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subject-matter, they will be able in a second reading to think attentively of the style. Noting how Macaulay brought a wealth of figures and of concrete beauties to supplement the bare narrative, each reader will gain a certain individual power of appreciation; and he will realize that every word gives such a challenge to the imagination that he must read slowly enough to allow the poet's art to cast its spell.

The text of the lays is that of Lady Trevelyan's edition of Macaulay's works. Macaulay's learned introductions have been omitted, for they occupy an amount of space out of proportion to their value to the general reader.

M. H. S.

WELLESLEY, MASS.,
April 22, 1907.

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CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF MACAULAY

1800. Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, England.

1818. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had a distinguished career, winning prizes for his compositions in verse.

1822. He received at Cambridge University the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

1824. He was appointed Fellow of Trinity College.

1825. He published his essay on *Milton* in the *Edinburgh Review* and from this time on continued to publish critical essays.

1826. He was admitted to the Bar.

1830. He entered Parliament.

1834—8. He resided in India, where he held a high administrative office.

1839. He was made Secretary of War and Member of the Privy Council.

1842. He published *The Lays of Ancient Rome.*

1844. He published his essay on *Addison.*

1849. He published the first two volumes of the *History of England.*

1855. He published the third and fourth volumes of the *History of England.*

1857. He was created Baron Rothley, in recognition of his services to literature.

1859. He died December 28, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

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A STUDY OF HEROIC POETRY

Origins

A lay is a brief poem usually narrating some deed of daring, the exploit of one man, or the achievement of a whole nation. The word is the same as the old French *lai* and seems originally to have meant a "song," in the period of the Middle Ages when almost all poetry was sung, or chanted, to the accompaniment of some musical instrument. We, who read these tales in print to-day, miss the splendor that attended them in olden times when there were in existence only a few books, all laboriously copied by hand, and when it was the custom for people to gather in some spacious hall, or some open street, to hear the minstrel recite his heroic stories with the utmost dramatic effectiveness of voice and gesture.

The mediæval minstrel occupied a position difficult for us to appreciate in this era of published books and circulating libraries. He was the person upon whom the people depended for entertainment in long evenings or on holidays, for it was he who could relate his experiences in far-away lands, or could delight the listeners with vivid narratives of real or of fictitious warriors. Sometimes he was taken into the service of a king or of a noble, and lavishly rewarded for his skill in entertaining the household. Sometimes he was a wandering singer passing from village to village with careless spirit, and depending for his livelihood upon the generosity of the people who listened to his singing. In either

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case it was a life full of charm, having many opportunities to sway the hearts of men with strong emotion.

The position of the minstrel has been one of importance in European civilization from the earliest times. The Greek Homer, according to tradition, was a rhapsodist who roamed from city to city, singing in the streets the stirring events of the siege of Troy, or describing, with a deep undercurrent of personal sadness, the long wanderings of Ulysses. Among the Celtic people in western Europe there were bards; one of these, Ossian, is still remembered. In Ireland, during the past few years, there has been a great effort to collect the old songs chanted by the bards. Students have journeyed from cottage to cottage to hear Irish peasants recite the poems their parents taught them, and the stories which have been handed down from generations long ago. Old men and women, who cannot read or write, have remembered since childhood many of the traditional national stories; and partly from their dictation, partly from the old manuscripts, have come the wonderful collections of legends concerned with the deeds of the famous Cuchulain and Finn.[1] The Scandinavian sagas were the work of scalds, — poets who delighted in recounting the glorious enterprises of their countrymen.

Among our English ancestors the minstrel was loved and honored. The Old English poems, written during the years from 450 to 1100, have many references to life in the mead-hall, where, in the midst of their feasting, the warriors listened eagerly to the songs and applauded the eloquent declamations of their favorites. In *Widsith, the Far Traveler*, our

[1] See Bibliography, p. 113, for translations of these poems, and of others mentioned on the following pages.

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oldest English poem, we listen to the history of a wandering gleeman who had traveled in many remote lands, and had brought away from them memories of brave men as well as gorgeous gifts, — rings, massive circlets, and collars of beaten gold. We find in *Beowulf* constant suggestion of the minstrels' presence, and the music of the harp vies, there, with the clash of armor.

The Middle English period (1100–1500) was potently influenced by the Romance nations — Italy, Spain, and, chiefly, France. When William the Conqueror came to England, a minstrel walked at the head of the army chanting an inspiring battle song, the *Song of Roland*, the famous French epic. The years after 1100 were years of the supremacy of the jongleur, who, under various names, magnified the power and position of the minstrel.

It is easy for us, with the help of Chaucer and of Spenser, to imagine the scene in the lordly castle when the minstrel was called to chant some popular lay. In the great hall were gathered the knights and ladies in gorgeous garments of blue and gold, green and crimson; the hawks and the falcons, trained for hunting, hung on their perches round about; the great hounds lay on the stone floor with their noses resting on their paws; then from time to time: —

> "Many Minstrales maken melody,
> To drive away the dull melancholy;
> And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
> Can tune their timely voices cunningly;
> And many Chroniclers, that can record
> Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord."[1]

Or we may picture to ourselves a village square, full of throngs of people chatting idly after a day's toil; and we can

[1] Spenser: *The Faerie Queene*, Book I, Canto V, stanza III.

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see suddenly, around a corner, a figure brilliantly decorated with ribbons and rosettes, wearing a kind of knapsack on his back and carrying in his hand a lute, something like our guitar. Immediately he begins to play and sing, and people gather about him, rewarding his music with hearty applause and with gifts of food or money. The fascination of the life of the wandering minstrel was clear enough to one of our English poets, Oliver Goldsmith, who, with flute in hand, journeyed over portions of Europe on foot. Often he earned his supper and night's lodging by his musical talents and by his skill, probably, in telling the tale of his wanderings.

The songs of the minstrels varied from brief lyrics of love or nature to long narratives that sometimes occupied many evenings. Deeds of war, of martial enterprise, were favorites, and vivid, picturesque accounts of battle won great applause. The singer could recite legends drawn from distant antiquity or he could so weave his spell over events of the current year as to fire his audience with enthusiasm for the gallant conduct of some bold hero. A passion for bravery is instinctive in the human race, and since time began men and women and children have been alert to hear the praises of a hero, whether he be a mythological prince fighting for his ancestral kingdom or a poor laborer who rescues a child from danger. Character as well as incident, then, formed the theme of the singer.

Widsith gives us a suggestion of the eulogistic elements of ancient song: —

> " For he, Prince of the Myrgings, gave to me
> The land I hold, my father's heritage.
> Then Ealhhild, Edwin's daughter, noble queen,
> Gave me another. Over many lands

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I have prolonged her praise, when my task was
To say in song where under Heaven I knew
The gold-wreathed queen most happy in her gifts.
When I and Skilling for our conquering lord
With clear voice raised the song, loud to the harp,
The sound was music ; many a stately man,
Who well knew what was right, then said in words
That never had they heard a happier song."[1]

TYPES

It is possible to divide these martial stories into three classes: heroic poems, or folk epics; romances; and ballads.

The true **epic** was ordinarily longer than the other varieties, and was concerned with the adventures of a heroic figure whose prowess in battle had singled him out from among his comrades. Conquest, warfare, described with a certain stateliness of movement, made the epic poem a species of art capable of great beauty. The narrator was able by his manner of speech to give the story the dignity of atmosphere that is to be felt in lofty hymns. The hero became not only a person of renown and glory; he was often surrounded with the attributes that are given to demi-gods, becoming an ideal type of courage and magnanimity. Of the influence of the epic hero upon the populace, it is not too much to say that he served as symbol of their highest dreams and was a constant inspiration to ambitious achievement. The *Iliad*,[2] the *Odyssey*, *Beowulf*, *Cid*, *Niebelungen Lied*, *Cuchulain*, are all representatives of this class of poems sung

[1] Henry Morley : *English Writers*, Vol. I, Cassell, New York.
[2] See Bibliography, p. 113, for translations of these epics.

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long ago to excited audiences, who treasured the portrait of the exalted chief, winner of immortal fame.

The **romance** was similar to the epic but less serious in tone, for it was based upon the effort of the hero to win the love of some fair lady. Chivalry, with its ideals of loyalty, courtesy, and liberality, produced a civilization in which women played a very important part. They were given, practically, command over the details of social life, and kings, nobles, and servants, alike, moved in accordance with their behests. The external splendor and the elaborate codes of behavior characterizing the life of this period (1100–1500) are lavishly displayed in the old romances. Adventures of various kinds were undertaken by warriors with a view to winning the love and favor of some lady, who was often rather exacting in her demands. Knights fought with other knights, with dragons, giants, dwarfs, or with Saracens — infidel knights deserving speedy death at the hands of Christians. Disguises, enchantments, surprises of many sorts appeared, to the endless delight of an audience superstitious and childish. The element of mystery, together with the presence of a fervid and never forgotten love, made this form of verse so popular that it rivaled all others for a certain time. *King Horn*,[1] *Guy of Warwick*, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* are preserved in manuscript, examples of a fashion once in high favor. In Italy Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and Ariosto's *Mad Orlando* are written imitations of the legendary romances.

The **ballad**, the briefest of narratives, has been a very popular form of poetry. Various ballads have come down to us from the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries, appear-

[1] See Bibliography, p. 113, for translations of these romances.

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ing often in four or five different versions, for the people who recited the ballads by the fireside, or in social gatherings, made many unintentional changes, in their effort to recite from memory what they had heard recited by others. In the ballads are stories of lovers separated by the cruel jealousy of other persons; and tales of romantic adventure by land and sea or in fairyland, whither young people were sometimes carried by enchantment and transformed into supernatural beings. Historical ballads are common in the literature of all nations. *Chevy Chase*, *The Battle of Otterburn*, *Sir Patrick Spens*, *Edom O'Gordon*, the *Robin Hood* ballads, and many others which recount passages from actual life, are familiar to students of English poetry. However the subjects of the ballads might vary, the style was usually the same in all. Repetition was frequent, not only of single words and epithets, but often of phrases and whole verses, which made a refrain for every stanza. The charm of the ballads is due to their simplicity, their vivid pictures, and their rapid, somewhat abrupt movement, which emphasizes the intensity of feeling in the dramatic recitals. No small part of the beauty is the distinctive cadence of the ballad stanza seen in the specimen that follows: —

"The ship wherein my love shall sail
Is glorious to behold;
The sails shall be of finest silk,
And the mast of shining gold."[1]

Sir Philip Sidney, in a famous passage, gave his tribute to the power of the ballad in speaking of *Chevy Chase*: "Certainly I must confess mine own barbarousness; I never

[1] James Harris, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, ed. Sargent and Kittredge, p. 545. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it was sung by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style: which being so evil appareled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?"[1]

The Lays of Ancient Rome

It is the historical ballad which was most closely imitated by Macaulay in *The Lays of Ancient Rome*. In subject-matter, in style, and in purpose, his poems recall the older literature, which he studied eagerly in his attempt to revive the spirit of heroic poetry. Macaulay desired to enter into the life of a Roman ballad maker, and speak as he would have spoken under the stress of patriotic passion. For this task he needed, and he possessed, quickness of appreciation, an intense love of the dramatic, and a ready vigor of utterance. The reading public was moved to great enthusiasm for the genius of the author of the lays. In these four poems is a splendid example of the power of the human mind to imagine and reconstruct the past, making it vivid and real after the progress of many centuries. Macaulay brings before us the life of Ancient Rome, using a multitude of details and trifling allusions to make the civilization of that time evident to our modern eyes. Such vividness is a tribute to the wide reading and phenomenal memory of the poet. His intellectual vigor did not fail him in this effort to rebuild a fallen city and restore to it the trades, the amusements, the dwellings, and all the concrete manifestations of actual life.

[1] Sidney: *Defense of Poesy*, ed. Cook, p. 29. Ginn & Co., Boston.

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In style Macaulay assumed, most successfully, the method of the narrative poet, the impromptu speaker, burning with zeal, and endowed with the ability to go directly to his subject without artifice. Simplicity and boldness of speech characterize these poems. There is no affectation of elegant diction, no yearning for display; the poet proceeds with abundant energy of declamation to inflame his audience with anger or sympathy, or patriotic fervor. Intentional imitations of classical similes, recurring epithets, or conventional imagery occur, introduced for the purpose of keeping to the tone of Roman heroic poetry. Macaulay did not attempt to vie with those poets who voiced their appreciation of deeply spiritual truths, and he should not be condemned because he is not Shakespeare or Shelley. With keen insight, the author of *The Lays of Ancient Rome* analyzed his own endowment. He discovered what he could do best, chose the field in which he was sure to excel, and found the most appropriate expression of his poetic genius. Understanding exactly what he wished to accomplish, Macaulay used the infallible means in his power to gain his end. Emphasis, in the lays, is all upon action, upon quick emotion, upon the natural movement of public life. No meditative soliloquies or exhaustively detailed descriptions of men or things appear; everything is directed toward making the reader participate enthusiastically in the events pictured.

In assuming the style and personality of an old minstrel, Macaulay performed a highly ambitious feat, at a time when the conditions which he tried to revive were wholly forgotten. His success was remarkable, and he is worthy of great praise, for he has preserved for us, in lasting, impressive form, some of the most precious legends of heroic valor.

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LARS PORSENA OF CLUSIUM

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THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

HORATIUS

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX

I

LARS PORSENA of Clusium[1]
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

II

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
  Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
  Is on the march for Rome.

[1] In Etruria.

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III

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

IV

From lordly Volaterræ,[1]
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,[1]
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's[2] snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

V

From the proud mart of Pisæ,[3]
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's[4] triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis[5] wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona[5] lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

[1] In western Etruria. [2] The island. [3] In western Etruria; modern Pisa. [4] In southern France; modern Marseilles. [5] In central Etruria.

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VI

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in Dark Auser's [1] rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian [2] hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus [3]
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.[4]

VII

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII

The harvests of Arretium,[5]
This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro [5]
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,[5]
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

[1] In Etruria. [2] Mount Ciminus, in Etruria. [3] In Umbria.
[4] A lake near Volsinii, in southern Etruria. [5] In Etruria.

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IX

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

X

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

XI

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium[1]
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

[1] In southern Etruria.

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XII

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

XIII

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

XIV

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

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XV

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of waggons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVII

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium[1] stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia[2]
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,[3]
And the stout guards are slain.

[1] In western Latium.
[2] The seaport of Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber.
[3] A hill in Rome, on the other side of the Tiber from the Forum.

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XVIII

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

XIX

They held a council standing,
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town."

XX

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

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XXI

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;

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And Astur of the four-fold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.[1]

XXIV

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

XXVI

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,

[1] The lake in eastern Etruria.

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And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

XXVII

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

XXIX

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,

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Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

XXX

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXI

"Horatius," quoth the consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

XXXII

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great men helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:

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Then lands were fairly portioned;
  Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
  In the brave days of old.

XXXIII

Now Roman is to Roman
  More hateful than a foe.
And the Tribunes beard the high,
  And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
  In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
  In the brave days of old.

XXXIV

Now while the three were tightening
  Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
  To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
  Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
  And loosed the props below.

XXXV

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
  Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
  Of a broad sea of gold.

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Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array:
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

XXXVII

Aunus from green Tifernum,[1]
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's[2] mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

[1] In Umbria.
[2] The island west of Etruria; modern Elba.

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XXXVIII

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX

Then Ocnus of Falerii[1]
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,[2]
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,[3]
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's[4] fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

XL

Herminius smote down Aruns:
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!

[1] In southern Etruria.
[2] A small island west of Etruria.
[3] Volsinii, in Etruria.
[4] On the coast of Etruria.

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No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's[1] hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail."

XLI

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

XLII

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XLIII

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;

[1] A district south of Latium.

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He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

XLIV

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

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XLVI

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus[1]
A thunder smitten oak
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel;
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

XLVIII

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

[1] On the border of Umbria.

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XLIX

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

L

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried, "Forward!"
And those before cried, "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

LI

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.

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"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away
Here lies the road to Rome."

LII

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

LIV

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

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But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

LV

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam,

LVI

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce care
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before
And the broad flood behind.

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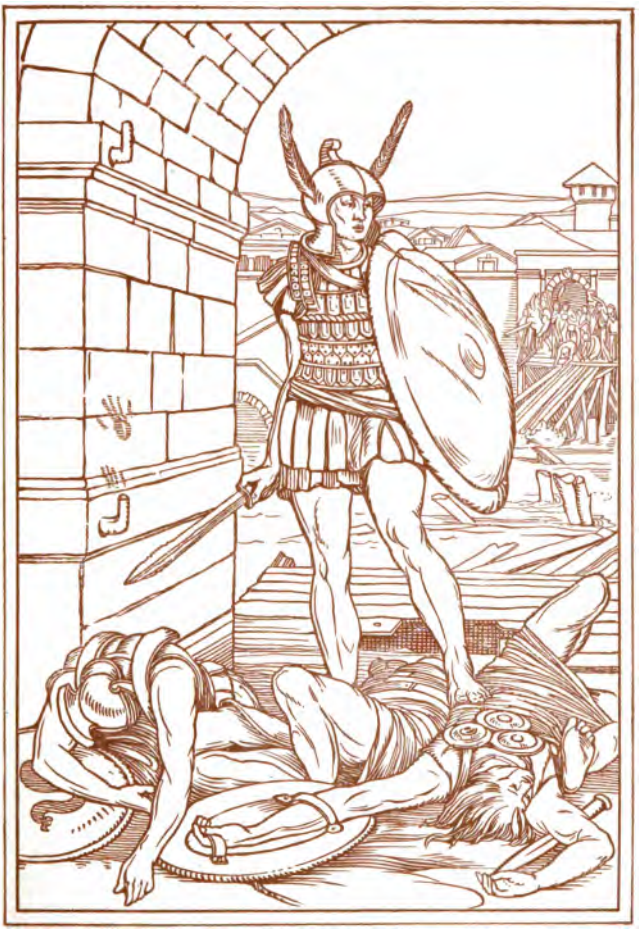

"ALONE STOOD BRAVE HORATIUS"

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"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

LVIII

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

LIX

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes
Stood gazing where he sank;

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And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.*

* "Our ladye bare upp her chinne."
"Ballad of Childe Waters."

"Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force;
* * * * * *
Yet, through good heart and our Lady's grace,
At length he gained the landing-place."
"Lay of the Last Minstrel," I.

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LXIII

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

LXIV

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands:
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

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LXVI

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old.

LXVII

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus[1]
Roar louder yet within;

[1] A mountain in Latium.

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LXIX

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

LXX

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

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THE

BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS[1]

A LAY SUNG AT THE FEAST OF CASTOR AND POLLUX ON THE IDES OF QUINTILIS, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLI

I

Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note!
Ho, lictors, clear the way!
The Knights will ride, in all their pride
Along the streets to-day.
To-day the doors and windows
Are hung with garlands all,
From Castor in the Forum,
To Mars without the wall.
Each Knight is robed in purple,
With olive each is crowned;
A gallant war-horse under each
Paws haughtily the ground.
While flows the Yellow River,[2]
While stands the Sacred Hill,[3]
The proud Ides of Quintilis
Shall have such honour still.

[1] In Latium. [2] The Tiber.
[3] A hill outside Rome, where the plebeians met.

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Gay are the Martian Kalends:
December's Nones are gay:
But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides,
Shall be Rome's whitest day.

II

Unto the Great Twin Brethren
We keep this solemn feast.
Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren
Came spurring from the east.
They came o'er wild Parthenius[1]
Tossing in waves of pine,
O'er Cirrha's[2] dome, o'er Adria's[3] foam,
O'er purple Apennine,
From where with flutes and dances
Their ancient mansion rings,
In lordly Lacedæmon,[4]
The city of two kings,
To where, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum,[5]
Was fought the glorious fight.

III

Now on the place of slaughter
Are cots and sheepfolds seen,
And rows of vines, and fields of wheat,
And apple-orchards green;

[1] A mountain in Greece. [2] A city in Greece. [3] The Adriatic Sea.
[4] A famous Greek city. [5] A town near Rome.

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The swine crush the big acorns
That fall from Corne's oaks.
Upon the turf by the Fair Fount
The reaper's pottage smokes.
The fisher baits his angle;
The hunter twangs his bow;
Little they think on those strong limbs
That moulder deep below.
Little they think how sternly
That day the trumpets pealed;
How in the slippery swamp of blood
Warrior and war-horse reeled;
How wolves came with fierce gallop,
And crows on eager wings,
To tear the flesh of captains,
And peck the eyes of kings;
How thick the dead lay scattered
Under the Porcian height;
How through the gates of Tusculum
Raved the wild stream of flight;
And how the Lake Regillus
Bubbled with crimson foam,
What time the Thirty Cities
Came forth to war with Rome.

IV

But, Roman, when thou standest
Upon that holy ground,
Look thou with heed on the dark rock
That girds the dark lake round.
So shalt thou see a hoof-mark

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Stamped deep into the flint:
It was no hoof of mortal steed
That made so strange a dint:
There to the Great Twin Brethren
Vow thou thy vows, and pray
That they, in tempest and in fight,
Will keep thy head alway.

V

Since last the Great Twin Brethren
Of mortal eyes were seen,
Have years gone by an hundred
And fourscore and thirteen.
That summer a Virginius
Was consul first in place;
The second was stout Aulus,
Of the Posthumian race.
The Herald of the Latines
From Gabii[1] came in state:
The Herald of the Latines
Passed through Rome's Eastern Gate;
The Herald of the Latines
Did in our Forum stand;
And there he did his office,
A sceptre in his hand.

VI

"Hear, Senators and people
Of the good town of Rome
The Thirty Cities charge you

[1] In Latium, near Rome.

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To bring the Tarquins home:
And if ye still be stubborn,
To work the Tarquins wrong,
The Thirty Cities warn you,
Look that your walls be strong."

VII

Then spake the Consul Aulus,
He spake a bitter jest:
"Once the jays sent a message
Unto the eagle's nest: —
Now yield thou up thine eyrie
Unto the carrion-kite,
Or come forth valiantly, and face
The jays in deadly fight. —
Forth looked in wrath the eagle;
And carrion-kite and jay,
Soon as they saw his beak and claw,
Fled screaming far away."

VIII

The Herald of the Latines
Hath hied him back in state:
The Fathers of the City
Are met in high debate.
Then spake the elder Consul,
An ancient man and wise:
"Now hearken, Conscript Fathers,
To that which I advise.
In seasons of great peril
'Tis good that one bear sway;

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THE GREAT TWIN BRETHREN

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Then choose me a Dictator,
Whom all men shall obey.
Camerium[1] knows how deeply
The sword of Aulus bites
And all our city calls him
The man of seventy fights.
Then let him be Dictator
For six months and no more,
And have a master of the Knights,
And axes twenty-four."

IX

So Aulus was Dictator,
The man of seventy fights;
He made Æbutius Elva
His Master of the Knights.
On the third morn thereafter,
At dawning of the day,
Did Aulus and Æbutius
Set forth with their array.
Sempronius Atratinus
Was left in charge at home
With boys, and with grey-headed men,
To keep the walls of Rome.
Hard by the Lake Regillus
Our camp was pitched at night:
Eastward a mile the Latines lay,
Under the Porcian height.
Far over hill and valley
Their mighty host was spread;

[1] In Latium.

Digitized by Google

And with their thousand watch-fires
The midnight sky was red.

X

Up rose the golden morning
Over the Porcian height,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
Marked evermore with white.
Not without secret trouble
Our bravest saw the foes;
For girt by threescore thousand spears,
The thirty standards rose.
From every warlike city
That boasts the Latian name,
Foredoomed to dogs and vultures,
That gallant army came;
From Setia's[1] purple vineyards,
From Norba's[1] ancient wall,
From the white streets of Tusculum,
The proudest town of all;
From where the Witch's Fortress[2]
O'erhangs the dark-blue seas;
From the still glassy lake that sleeps
Beneath Aricia's[1] trees —
Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain;
From the drear banks of Ufens,[1]

[1] In Latium.

[2] A promontory on the coast of Latium; named for the witch Circe who fled there from Greece.

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Where flights of marsh-fowl play,
And buffaloes lie wallowing
Through the hot summer's day;
From the gigantic watch-towers,
No work of earthly men,
Whence Cora's [1] sentinels o'erlook
The never-ending fen;
From the Laurentian [2] jungle,
The wild hog's reedy home;
From the green steeps whence Anio [3] leaps
In floods of snow-white foam.

XI

Aricia, Cora, Norba,
Velitræ,[1] with the might
Of Setia and of Tusculum,
Were marshalled on the right:
The leader was Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
Upon his head a helmet
Of red gold shone like flame;
High on a gallant charger
Of dark-grey hue he rode;
Over his gilded armour
A vest of purple flowed,
Woven in the land of sunrise

[1] In Latium.
[2] Wild country near Laurentum, on the coast of Latium.
[3] An important tributary to the Tiber.

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By Syria's dark-browed daughters,
And by the sails of Carthage brought
Far o'er the southern waters.

XII

Lavinium [1] and Laurentum [1]
Had on the left their post,
With all the banners of the marsh,
And banners of the coast.
Their leader was false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame:
With restless pace and haggard face
To his last field he came.
Men said he saw strange visions
Which none beside might see,
And that strange sounds were in his ears
Which none might hear but he.
A woman fair and stately,
But pale as are the dead,
Oft through the watches of the night
Sat spinning by his bed.
And as she plied the distaff,
In a sweet voice and low
She sang of great old houses,
And fights fought long ago.
So spun she, and so sang she,
Until the east was grey.
Then pointed to her bleeding breast,
And shrieked and fled away.

[1] In Latium.

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XIII

But in the centre thickest
Were ranged the shields of foes,
And from the centre loudest
The cry of battle rose.
There Tibur [1] marched and Pedum [2]
Beneath proud Tarquin's rule,
And Ferentinum [3] of the rock,
And Gabii of the pool.
There rode the Volscian [4] succours:
There, in a dark stern ring,
The Roman exiles gathered close
Around the ancient king.
Though white as Mount Socrate,[5]
When winter nights are long,
His beard flowed down o'er mail and belt,
His heart and hand were strong:
Under his hoary eyebrows
Still flashed forth quenchless rage:
And, if the lance shook in his gripe,
'Twas more with hate than age.
Close at his side was Titus
On an Apulian [6] steed,
Titus, the youngest Tarquin,
Too good for such a breed.

[1] A famous town in Latium; modern Tivoli.
[2] In Latium.
[3] In Etruria.
[4] The Volscians were a strong tribe dwelling in Latium.
[5] In Etruria; immortalized by Horace.
[6] Apulia was a district in southeastern Italy.

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XIV

Now on each side the leaders
Give signal for the charge;
And on each side the footmen
Strode on with lance and targe;
And on each side the horsemen
Struck their spurs deep in gore
And front to front the armies
Met with a mighty roar:
And under that great battle
The earth with blood was red;
And, like the Pomptine[1] fog at morn,
The dust hung overhead;
And louder still and louder
Rose from the darkened field
The braying of the war-horns,
The clang of sword and shield,
The rush of squadrons sweeping
Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
The shouting of the slayers,
And screeching of the slain.

XV

False Sextus rode out foremost,
His look was high and bold;
His corselet was of bison's hide,
Plated with steel and gold.
As glares the famished eagle

[1] The Pontine Marshes in Latium have been notorious for unhealthful vapors.

Digitized by Google

From the Digentian[1] rock
On a choice lamb that bounds alone
Before Bandusia's[2] flock,
Herminius glared on Sextus,
And came with eagle speed,
Herminius on black Auster,
Brave champion on brave steed;
In his right hand the broadsword
That kept the bridge so well,
And on his helm the crown he won
When proud Fidenæ fell.
Woe to the maid whose lover
Shall cross his path to-day!
False Sextus saw, and trembled,
And turned and fled away.
As turns, as flies the woodman
In the Calabrian[3] brake,
When through the reeds gleams the round eye
Of that fell speckled snake;
So turned, so fled, false Sextus,
And hid him in the rear,
Behind the dark Lavinian ranks,
Bristling with crest and spear.

XVI

But far to north Æbutius,
The Master of the Knights,
Gave Tubero of Norba

[1] Digentia was a stream, in Sabini, associated with Horace.
[2] Bandusia was a fountain, in Apulia, near the birthplace of Horace.
[3] A district in lower Italy.

Digitized by Google

To feed the Porcian kites.
Next under those red horse-hoofs
Flaccus of Setia lay;
Better had he been pruning
Among his elms that day.
Mamilius saw the slaughter,
And tossed his golden crest,
And towards the Master of the Knights
Through the thick battle pressed.
Æbutius smote Mamilius
So fiercely on the shield
That the great lord of Tusculum
Well nigh rolled on the field.
Mamilius smote Æbutius,
With a good aim and true,
Just where the neck and shoulder join
And pierced him through and through;
And brave Æbutius Elva
Fell swooning to the ground:
But a thick wall of bucklers
Encompassed him around.
His clients from the battle
Bare him some little space,
And filled a helm from the dark lake,
And bathed his brow and face;
And when at last he opened
His swimming eyes to light,
Men say, the earliest word he spake
Was, "Friends, how goes the fight?"

Digitized by Google

XVII

But meanwhile in the centre
Great deeds of arms were wrought;
There Aulus the Dictator
And there Valerius fought.
Aulus with his good broadsword
A bloody passage cleared
To where, amidst the thickest foes,
He saw the long white beard.
Flat lighted that good broadsword
Upon proud Tarquin's head.
He dropped the lance: he dropped the reins:
He fell as fall the dead.
Down Aulus springs to slay him,
With eyes like coals of fire;
But faster Titus hath sprung down,
And hath bestrode his sire.
Latian captains, Roman knights,
Fast down to earth they spring,
And hand to hand they fight on foot
Around the ancient king.
First Titus gave tall Cæso
A death-wound in the face;
Tall Cæso was the bravest man
Of the brave Fabian race:
Aulus slew Rex of Gabii,
The priest of Juno's shrine;
Valerius smote down Julius,
Of Rome's great Julian line;
Julius, who left his mansion
High on the Velian hill,

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And through all turns of weal and woe
Followed proud Tarquin still.
Now right across proud Tarquin
A corpse was Julius laid;
And Titus groaned with rage and grief,
And at Valerius made.
Valerius struck at Titus,
And lopped off half his crest;
But Titus stabbed Valerius
A span deep in the breast.
Like a mast snapped by the tempest,
Valerius reeled and fell.
Ah! woe is me for the good house
That loves the people well!
Then shouted loud the Latines;
And with one rush they bore
The struggling Romans backward
Three lances' length and more:
And up they took proud Tarquin,
And laid him on a shield,
And four strong yeomen bare him,
Still senseless from the field.

XVIII

But fiercer grew the fighting
Around Valerius dead;
For Titus dragged him by the foot,
And Aulus by the head.
"On, Latines, on!" quoth Titus,
"See how the rebels fly!"

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"Romans, stand firm!" quoth Aulus,
"And win this fight, or die!
They must not give Valerius
To raven and to kite;
For aye Valerius loathed the wrong,
And aye upheld the right;
And for your wives and babies
In the front rank he fell.
Now play the men for the good house
That loves the people well!"

XIX

Then tenfold round the body
The roar of battle rose,
Like the roar of a burning forest,
When a strong north wind blows.
Now backward, and now forward,
Rocked furiously the fray,
Till none could see Valerius,
And none wist where he lay.
For shivered arms and ensigns
Were heaped there in a mound,
And corpses stiff, and dying men
That writhed and gnawed the ground;
And wounded horses kicking,
And snorting purple foam:
Right well did such a couch befit
A Consular of Rome.

XX

But north looked the Dictator;
North looked he long and hard;

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And spake to Caius Cossus,
The Captain of his Guard;
"Caius, of all the Romans
Thou hast the keenest sight;
Say, what through yonder storm of dust
Comes from the Latian right?"

XXI

Then answered Caius Cossus,
"I see an evil sight;
The banner of proud Tusculum
Comes from the Latian right;
I see the plumèd horsemen;
And far before the rest
I see the dark-grey charger,
I see the purple vest;
I see the golden helmet
That shines far off like flame;
So ever rides Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name."

XXII

"Now hearken, Caius Cossus:
Spring on thy horse's back;
Ride as the wolves of Apennine
Were all upon thy track;
Haste to our southward battle:
And never draw thy rein
Until thou find Herminius,
And bid him come amain."

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XXIII

So Aulus spake, and turned him
Again to that fierce strife;
And Caius Cossus mounted,
And rode for death and life.
Loud clanged beneath his horse-hoofs
The helmets of the dead,
And many a curdling pool of blood
Splashed him from heel to head.
So came he far to southward,
Where fought the Roman host,
Against the banners of the marsh
And banners of the coast.
Like corn before the sickle
The stout Lavinians fell,
Beneath the edge of the true sword
That kept the bridge so well.

XXIV

"Herminius! Aulus greets thee;
He bids thee come with speed,
To help our central battle,
For sore is there our need;
There wars the youngest Tarquin,
And there the Crest of Flame,
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.
Valerius hath fallen fighting
In front of our array;
And Aulus of the seventy fields
Alone upholds the day."

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XXV

Herminius beat his bosom:
  But never a word he spake.
He clasped his hand on Auster's mane:
  He gave the reins a shake.
Away, away, went Auster,
  Like an arrow from the bow:
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
  From Aufidus[1] to Po.[2]

XXVI

Right glad were all the Romans
  Who, in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bare up the war
  Around Valerius dead,
When from the south the cheering
  Rose with a mighty swell;
"Herminius comes, Herminius,
  Who kept the bridge so well!"

XXVII

Mamilius spied Herminius,
  And dashed across the way.
"Herminius! I have sought thee
  Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
  Shall never more go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum,
  And lay thou on for Rome!"

[1] A river in Apulia.
[2] The largest river in northern Italy.

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XXVIII

All round them paused the battle,
While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and grey.
Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breast-plate and through breast;
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius
Through head-piece and through head,
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead.
Down fell they dead together
In a great lake of gore:
And still stood all who saw them fall
While men might count a score.

XXIX

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark-grey charger fled:
He burst through ranks of fighting men,
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
The mountains of his home.
The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind.

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Through many a startled hamlet
Thundered his flying feet;
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
He rushed up the long white street;
He rushed by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race
Till he stood before his master's door
In the stately market-place.
And straightway round him gathered
A pale and trembling crowd,
And when they knew him, cries of rage
Brake forth, and wailing loud:
And women rent their tresses
For their great prince's fall;
And old men girt on their old swords,
And went to man the wall.

XXX

But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
Into his master's face.
The raven-mane that daily,
With pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia washed and combed,
And twined in even tresses,
And decked with coloured ribands
From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
In carnage and in mire.

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Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
And seized black Auster's rein.
Then Aulus sware a fearful oath,
And ran at him amain.
"The furies of thy brother
With me and mine abide,
If one of your accursed house
Upon black Auster ride!"
As on an Alpine watch-tower
From heaven comes down the flame,
Full on the neck of Titus
The blade of Aulus came:
And out the red blood spouted,
In a wide arch and tall,
As spouts a fountain in the court
Of some rich Capuan's[1] hall.
The knees of all the Latines
Were loosened with dismay,
When dead, on dead Herminius,
The bravest Tarquin lay.

XXXI

And Aulus the Dictator
Stroked Auster's raven mane,
With heed he looked unto the girths,
With heed unto the rein.
"Now bear me well, black Auster,
Into yon thick array;
And thou and I will have revenge
For thy good lord this day."

[1] Capua was in Campania.

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XXXII

So spake he; and was buckling
Tighter black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand.
So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know;
White as snow their armour was;
Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
Did such rare armour gleam:
And never did such gallant steeds
Drink of an earthly stream.

XXXIII

And all who saw them trembled,
And pale grew every cheek;
And Aulus the Dictator
Scarce gathered voice to speak.
"Say by what name men call you?
What city is your home?
And wherefore ride ye in such guise
Before the ranks of Rome?"

XXXIV

"By many names men call us;
In many lands we dwell:
Well Samothracia[1] knows us;
Cyrene[2] knows us well.
Our house in gay Tarentum[3]

[1] An island, in Greece. [2] In northern Africa. [3] In Calabria.

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Is hung each morn with flowers:
High o'er the masts of Syracuse [1]
Our marble portal towers;
But by the proud Eurotas [2]
Is our dear native home;
And for the right we come to fight
Before the ranks of Rome."

XXXV

So answered those strange horsemen,
And each couched low his spear;
And forthwith all the ranks of Rome
Were bold, and of good cheer:
And on the thirty armies
Came wonder and affright,
And Ardea wavered on the left,
And Cora on the right.
"Rome to the charge!" cried Aulus;
"The foe begins to yield!
Charge for the hearth of Vesta!
Charge for the Golden Shield!
Let no man stop to plunder,
But slay, and slay, and slay;
The gods who live forever
Are on our side to-day."

XXXVI

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish
From earth to heaven arose,

[1] In Sicily.
[2] The Greek river on which Sparta was built.

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The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close.
Then the good sword of Aulus
Was lifted up to slay:
Then, like a crag down Apennine,
Rushed Auster through the fray.
But under those strange horsemen
Still thicker lay the slain;
And after those strange horses
Black Auster toiled in vain.
Behind them Rome's long battle
Came rolling on the foe,
Ensigns dancing wild above,
Blades all in line below.
So comes the Po in flood-time
Upon the Celtic plain:
So comes the squall, blacker than night,
Upon the Adrian main.
Now by our sire Quirinus,
It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.
So flies the spray of Adria
When the black squall doth blow,
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time
Spin down the whirling Po.
False Sextus to the mountains
Turned first his horse's head;
And fast fled Ferentinum,
And fast Lanuvium fled.
The horsemen of Nomentum

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Spurred hard out of the fray;
The footmen of Velitræ
Threw shield and spear away.
And underfoot was trampled,
Amidst the mud and gore,
The banner of proud Tusculum,
That never stooped before:
And down went Flavius Faustus,
Who led his stately ranks
From where the apple blossoms wave
On Anio's echoing banks,
And Tullus of Arpinum,
Chief of the Volscian aids,
And Metius with the long fair curls,
The love of Anxur's maids,
And the white head of Vulso,
The great Arician seer,
And Nepos of Laurentum,
The hunter of the deer;
And in the back false Sextus
Felt the good Roman steel,
And wriggling in the dust he died,
Like a worm beneath the wheel:
And fliers and pursuers
Were mingled in a mass;
And far away the battle
Went roaring through the pass.

XXXVII

Sempronius Atratinus
Sat in the Eastern Gate,

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Beside him were three Fathers,
Each in his chair of state;
Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons
That day were in the field,
And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve
Who keep the Golden Shield;
And Sergius, the High Pontiff,
For wisdom far renowned;
In all Etruria's colleges
Was no such Pontiff found.
And all around the portal,
And high above the wall,
Stood a great throng of people,
But sad and silent all;
Young lads, and stooping elders
That might not bear the mail,
Matrons with lips that quivered,
And maids with faces pale.
Since the first gleam of daylight,
Sempronius had not ceased
To listen for the rushing
Of horse-hoofs from the east.
The mist of eve was rising,
The sun was hastening down,
When he was aware of a princely pair
Fast pricking towards the town.
So like they were, man never
Saw twins so like before;
Red with gore their armour was,
Their steeds were red with gore.

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XXXVIII

"Hail to the great Asylum!
Hail to the hill-tops seven!
Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
And the shield that fell from heaven!
This day, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum
Was fought a glorious fight.
To-morrow your Dictator
Shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities
To deck the shrines of Rome!"

XXXIX

Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south,
Crying, "The day is ours!"
But on rode these strange horsemen,
With slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing
Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows
Fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta,
They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta's fane.

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And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta's door;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.

XL

And all the people trembled,
And pale grew every cheek;
And Sergius the High Pontiff
Alone found voice to speak:
"The gods who live forever
Have fought for Rome to-day!
These be the Great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.
Back comes the Chief in triumph,
Who, in the hour of fight,
Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren
In harness on his right.
Safe comes the ship to haven,
Through billows and through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails.
Wherefore they washed their horses
In Vesta's holy well,
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,
I know, but may not tell.
Here, hard by Vesta's Temple,
Build we a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome.
And when the months returning

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Bring back this day of fight,
The proud Ides of Quintilis,
Marked evermore with white,
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Let all the people throng,
With chaplets and with offerings,
With music and with song;
And let the doors and windows
Be hung with garlands all,
And let the knights be summoned
To Mars without the wall:
Thence let them ride in purple
With joyous trumpet-sound,
Each mounted on his war-horse,
And each with olive crowned;
And pass in solemn order
Before the sacred dome,
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome."

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VIRGINIA

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE FORUM ON THE DAY WHEREON LUCIUS SEXTIUS SEXTINUS LATERANUS AND CAIUS LICINIUS CALVUS STOLO WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES OF THE COMMONS THE FIFTH TIME, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLXXXII

Ye good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in his pride:

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Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth which always seemed to sneer:
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the kindred still;
For never was there Claudius yet but wished the Commons ill;
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client Marcus steals,
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may say
Such varlets pimp and jest for hire among the lying Greeks:
Such varlets still are paid to hoot when brave Licinius speaks.
Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd;
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud;
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike ye see;
And whereso'er such lord is found, such client still will be.
Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,

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Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed
of shame or harm;
And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at
gaze of man;
And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced
along,
She warbled gayly to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the
camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight
lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his
flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet
young face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed
race,
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing
feet.

* * * * * * *

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths
of smoke:
The city-gates were opened; the Forum all alive,
With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was
ringing,

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And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing,
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home:
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when erewhile
He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client smile:
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frighted maiden, and screamed with look aghast;
And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast.
The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child;

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And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled;
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell tone,
"She's mine, and I will have her: I seek but for mine own:
She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
'Twas in the sad September, the month of wail and fright,
Two augurs were borne forth that morn; the Consul died ere night.
I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire:
Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron's ire!"

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence came
On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian name.
For then there was no Tribune to speak the word of might,
Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor man's right.
There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then;
But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed and shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,

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And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords, are hung,
And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.

"Now, by your children's cradles, now by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be forever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire?
For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will!
Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill!
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury, they tamed the Fabian pride:
They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.

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But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o'er.
We strove for honours — 'twas in vain; for freedom — 'tis no more.
No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
No tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak from wrong.
Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will.
Riches, and lands, and power, and state — ye have them: — keep them still.
Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
The axes and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown:
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords have won.
Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft may not cure,
Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the poor.
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;
No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dog-star heat;
And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-born feet.
Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!

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Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban kings?
Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,
Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering street,
Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish gold?
Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life —
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,
The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride;
Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted bride.
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame,
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare."

* * * * * * *

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,

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Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now, all those things are over — yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needle work, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.

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The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow —
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the slain;

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Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanched; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

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Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him; alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head."
He looked upon his clients; but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled, and stood still.
And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from every side,
And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflowing tide;
And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and sneer,
And in the Claudian note he cried, "What doth this rabble here?
Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?
Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse away!"
The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud;

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But a deep, sullen murmur wandered among the crowd,
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half-aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and strong,
Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,
Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin,
That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.
The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill, beyond the Latin Gate.
But close around the body, where stood the little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain,
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers and black frowns,
And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns.
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the maiden lay,
Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb that day.
Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming from their heads,
With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.
Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left his cheek,
And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he strove to speak;

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And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell:
"See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and hide thy shame in hell!
Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first make slaves of men.
Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down with the wicked Ten!"
And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing through the air,
Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule chair:
And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling came.
For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but shame,
Though the great houses love us not, we own, to do them right,
That the great houses, all save one, have borne them well in fight.
Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs and his wrongs,
His vengeance and his mercy, live in our camp-fire songs.
Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul and Tuscan bowed;
And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud.
But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken field,
And changes colour like a maid at sight of sword and shield.
The Claudian triumphs all were won within the city towers;
The Claudian yoke was never pressed on any necks but ours.
A Cossus, like a wild-cat, springs ever at the face;
A Fabius rushes like a boar against the shouting chase;
But the vile Claudian litter, raging with currish spite,

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Still yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs from those who smite.
So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and smote upon his thigh.
"Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray!
Must I be torn in pieces? Home, home, the nearest way!"
While yet he spake, and looked around with a bewildered stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule chair;
And fourscore clients on the left, and fourscore on the right,
Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins girt up for fight.
But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was the throng,
That scarce the train with might and main could bring their lord along.
Twelve times the crowd made at him; five times they seized his gown;
Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got him down:
And sharper came the pelting; and evermore the yell —
"Tribunes! we will have Tribunes!" — rose with a louder swell:
And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered sail
When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern gale,
When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in clouds of spume,
And the great Thunder-Cape[1] has donned his veil of inky gloom.

[1] A promontory in Greece opposite Calabria.

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One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath the ear;
And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he swooned with pain and fear.
His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high with pride,
Now, like a drunken man's, hung down, and swayed from side to side;
And when his stout retainers had brought him to his door,
His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted gore.
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson be!
God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there to see!

* * * * * * *

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THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS

A LAY SUNG AT THE BANQUET IN THE CAPITOL, ON THE DAY WHEREON MANIUS CURIUS DENTATUS, A SECOND TIME CONSUL, TRIUMPHED OVER KING PYRRHUS AND THE TARENTINES, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLXXIX

I

Now slain is King Amulius,
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,[1]
On the throne of Aventine.
Slain is the Pontiff Camers,
Who spake the words of doom:
"The children to the Tiber,
The mother to the tomb."

II

In Alba's lake no fisher
His net to-day is flinging:
On the dark rind of Alba's oaks
To-day no axe is ringing:
The yoke hangs o'er the manger,
The scythe lies in the hay:
Through all the Alban villages
No work is done to-day.

[1] The legendary city, on the Alban Lake, in Latium.

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III

And every Alban burgher
Hath donned his whitest gown;
And every head in Alba
Weareth a poplar crown;
And every Alban door-post
With boughs and flowers is gay;
For to-day the dead are living,
The lost are found to-day.

IV

They were doomed by a bloody king:
They were doomed by a lying priest:
They were cast on the raging flood:
They were tracked by the raging beast:
Raging beast and raging flood
Alike have spared the prey;
And to-day the dead are living:
The lost are found to-day.

V

The troubled river knew them,
And smoothed his yellow foam,
And gently rocked the cradle
That bore the fate of Rome.
The ravening she-wolf knew them,
And licked them o'er and o'er,
And gave them of her own fierce milk,
Rich with raw flesh and gore.
Twenty winters, twenty springs,

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Since then have rolled away;
And to-day the dead are living:
The lost are found to-day.

VI

Blithe it was to see the twins,
Right goodly youths and tall,
Marching from Alba Longa
To their old grandsire's hall.
Along their path fresh garlands
Are hung from tree to tree:
Before them stride the pipers,
Piping a note of glee.

VII

On the right goes Romulus,
With arms to the elbows red,
And in his hand a broadsword,
And on the blade a head—
A head in an iron helmet,
With horse-hair hanging down,
A shaggy head, a swarthy head,
Fixed in a ghastly frown—
The head of King Amulius
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.

VIII

On the left side goes Remus,
With wrists and fingers red,

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And in his hand a boar-spear,
  And on the point a head —
A wrinkled head and aged,
  With silver beard and hair,
And holy fillets round it,
  Such as the pontiffs wear —
The head of ancient Camers,
  Who spake the words of doom:
"The children to the Tiber;
  The mother to the tomb."

IX

Two and two behind the twins
  Their trusty comrades go,
Four and forty valiant men,
  With club, and axe, and bow.
On each side every hamlet
  Pours forth its joyous crowd,
Shouting lads and baying dogs,
  And children laughing loud,
And old men weeping fondly
  As Rhea's boys go by,
And maids who shriek to see the heads,
  Yet, shrieking, press more nigh.

X

So they marched along the lake;
  They marched by fold and stall,
By corn-field and by vineyard,
  Unto the old man's hall.

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XI

In the hall-gate sate Capys,
Capys, the sightless seer;
From head to foot he trembled
As Romulus drew near.
And up stood stiff his thin white hair,
And his blind eyes flashed fire:
"Hail! foster child of the wonderous nurse!
Hail! son of the wonderous sire!

XII

"But thou — what dost thou here
In the old man's peaceful hall?
What doth the eagle in the coop,
The bison in the stall?
Our corn fills many a garner;
Our vines clasp many a tree;
Our flocks are white on many a hill;
But these are not for thee.

XIII

"For thee no treasure ripens
In the Tartessian[1] mine:
For thee no ship brings precious bales
Across the Libyan[2] brine;
Thou shalt not drink from amber;
Thou shalt not rest on down;
Arabia shall not steep thy locks,
Nor Sidon[3] tinge thy gown.

[1] Tartessus was in Spain. [2] Libya was in Africa.
[3] In Phœnicia.

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XIV

" Leave gold and myrrh and jewels,
Rich table and soft bed,
To them who of man's seed are born,
Whom woman's milk has fed.
Thou wast not made for lucre,
For pleasure nor for rest;
Thou that art sprung from the War-god's loins,
And hast tugged at the she-wolf's breast.

XV

" From sunrise unto sunset
All earth shall hear thy fame:
A glorious city thou shalt build,
And name it by thy name:
And there, unquenched through ages,
Like Vesta's sacred fire,
Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,
The spirit of thy sire.

XVI

" The ox toils through the furrow,
Obedient to the goad;
The patient ass, up flinty paths,
Plods with his weary load;
With whine and bound the spaniel
His master's whistle hears;
And the sheep yields her patiently
To the loud clashing shears.

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XVII

"But thy nurse will hear no master;
Thy nurse will bear no load;
And woe to them that shear her,
And woe to them that goad!
When all the pack, loud baying,
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard,
Amidst the dying hounds.

XVIII

"Pomona loves the orchard;
And Liber loves the vine;
And Pales loves the straw-built shed
Warm with the breath of kine;
And Venus loves the whispers
Of plighted youth and maid,
In April's ivory moonlight
Beneath the chestnut shade.

XIX

"But thy father loves the clashing
Of broadsword and of shield:
He loves to drink the stream that reeks
From the fresh battle-field:
He smiles a smile more dreadful
Than his own dreadful frown,
When he sees the thick black cloud of smoke
Go up from the conquered town.

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XX

"And such as is the War-god,
The author of thy line,
And such as she who suckled thee,
Even such be thou and thine.
Leave to the soft Campanian
His baths and his perfumes;
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
Their dyeing-vats and looms;
Leave to the sons of Carthage
The rudder and the oar;
Leave to the Greek his marble Nymphs
And scrolls of wordy lore.

XXI

"Thine, Roman, is the pilum:
Roman, the sword is thine,
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion's ordered line;
And thine the wheels of triumph,
Which, with their laurelled train,
Move slowly up the shouting streets
To Jove's eternal fane.

XXII

"Beneath thy yoke the Volscian
Shall vail his lofty brow:
Soft Capua's curled revellers
Before thy chairs shall bow:

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The Lucumoes of Arnus[1]
Shall quake thy rods to see;
And the proud Samnite's heart of steel
Shall yield to only thee.

XXIII

"The Gaul shall come against thee
From the land of snow and night:
Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies
To the raven and the kite.

XXIV

"The Greek shall come against thee,
The conqueror of the East.
Beside him stalks to battle
The huge earth-shaking beast,
The beast on whom the castle
With all its guards doth stand,
The beast who hath between his eyes
The serpent for a hand.
First march the bold Epirotes,
Wedged close with shield and spear;
And the ranks of false Tarentum[2]
Are glittering in the rear.

XXV

"The ranks of false Tarentum
Like hunted sheep shall fly:
In vain the bold Epirotes
Shall round their standards die;

[1] A river in Etruria. [2] In Calabria.

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And Apennine's grey vultures
Shall have a noble feast
On the fat and the eyes
Of the huge earth-shaking beast.

XXVI

"Hurrah! for the good weapons
That keep the War-god's land.
Hurrah! for Rome's stout pilum
In a stout Roman hand.
Hurrah! for Rome's short broadsword,
That through the thick array
Of levelled spears and serried shields
Hews deep its gory way.

XXVII

"Hurrah! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the wan captives
That pass in endless file.
Ho! bold Epirotes, whither
Hath the Red King ta'en flight?
Ho! dogs of false Tarentum,
Is not the gown washed white?

XXVIII

"Hurrah! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre,[1]

[1] In Phœnicia.

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And the fine web of Nile,
The helmets gay with plumage
Torn from the pheasant's wings,
The belts set thick with starry gems
That shone on Indian kings,
The urns of massy silver,
The goblets rough with gold,
The many-coloured tablets bright
With loves and wars of old,
The stone that breathes and struggles,
The brass that seems to speak ;—
Such cunning they who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek.

XXIX

"Hurrah ! for Manius Curius,
The bravest son of Rome,
Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
Thrice drawn in triumph home.
Weave, weave, for Manius Curius
The third embroidered gown :
Make ready the third lofty car,
And twine the third green crown ;
And yoke the steeds of Rosea[1]
With necks like a bended bow,
And deck the bull, Mevania's[2] bull,
The bull as white as snow.

XXX

"Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day,

[1] In Sabini. [2] In Umbria.

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Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum
And round the Suppliant's Grove,[1]
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove.

XXXI

"Then where, o'er two bright havens,
The towers of Corinth[2] frown;
Where the gigantic King of Day
On his own Rhodes[3] looks down;
Where soft Orontes[4] murmurs
Beneath the laurel shades;
Where Nile reflects the endless length
Of dark red colonnades;
Where in the still deep water,
Sheltered from waves and blasts;
Bristles the dusky forest
Of Byrsa's[5] thousand masts;
Where fur-clad hunters wander
Amidst the northern ice;
Where through the sand of morning-land
The camel bears the spice;
Where Atlas[6] flings his shadow
Far o'er the western foam,
Shall be great fear on all who hear
The mighty name of Rome."

[1] See note on "asylum," p. 96.
[2] A very important commercial center in Greece, on the gulf of Corinth.
[3] An island in the Ægæan Sea.
[4] A river in Syria.
[5] The citadel of Carthage.
[6] A mountain in Africa.

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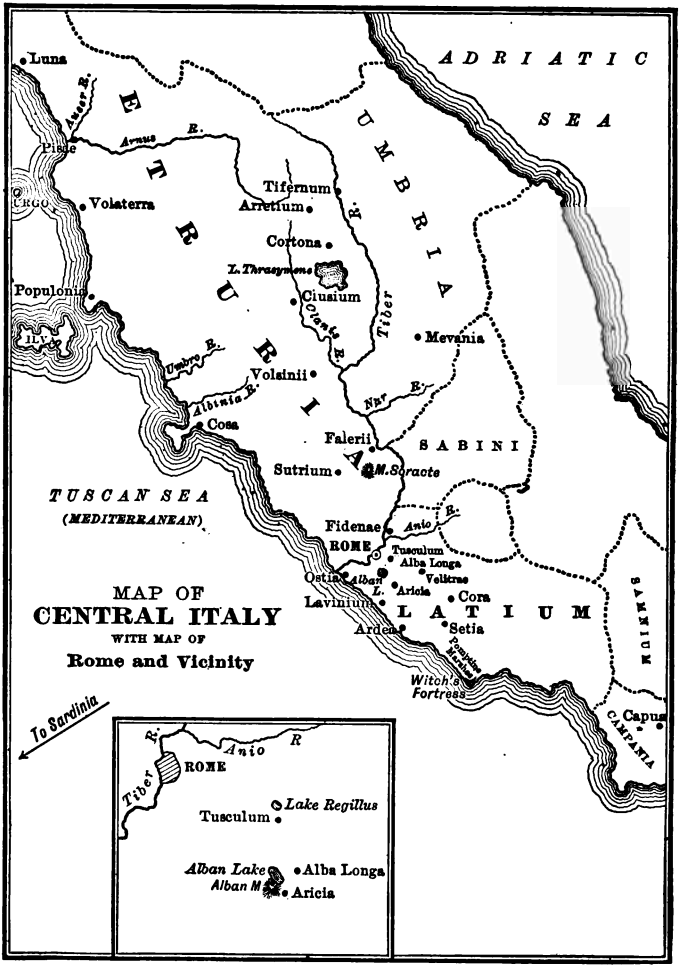

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NOTES EXPLANATORY OF THE TEXT

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

To be read carefully by students

After the expulsion of the kings from Rome, the government was in the hands of the people, the patricians of high birth taking precedence of the lower classes, or plebeians. Two consuls, usually chosen from among the patricians, were the highest officers, and they presided over the more important administrative assemblies. The senate, composed of the Conscript Fathers, numbered about three hundred patrician heads of families. Three popular assemblies were recognized: the comitia curiata, patrician; the comitia centuriata, a military organization both patrician and plebeian; the comitia tributa, plebeian. The plebeians were allowed to elect tribunes, whose duty was to guard the interests of the common people.

The religious beliefs of the Latins were very closely connected with those of the Greeks. Zeus, Hera, Aphrodite, Ares, were represented in Rome by the deities Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and Mars. Other deities were worshiped in addition to these mentioned, and the spirits of wind, water, air, and the inhabitants of the lower world were all objects of devotion. A definite system of priesthood was known in early Rome, for the Romans placed great stress upon religious ceremonial, being much more observant of outward form than were the Greeks.

The Lays of Ancient Rome deal with legends, not with facts. Readers of Virgil know that according to tradition Æneas after his flight from Troy landed in Italy and built a city named Lavinium. His son Ascanius founded Alba Longa, and his descendants, Romulus and Remus, founded Rome, which became in later days the chief city of Italy, the center of a magnificent empire. Rome, of the period described by Macaulay, was a well-organized city. It was located upon

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seven hills: the Palatine Hill, where the first homes were built; the Capitoline, where Jupiter's temple stood; the Esquiline, Cælian, Aventine, Quirinal, and Viminal. Below the Capitoline Hill was the Forum, a place somewhat resembling a modern city square. There were shops; there stood temples to the gods, the senate house, and an open space for the gathering of people together for discussion of public or private affairs.

Macaulay's many references to history, mythology, and geography of ancient times were introduced chiefly for the sake of reproducing as far as possible the atmosphere, the setting, of past life. Readers should look with special care and pleasure for all the concrete and specific touches which make very vivid the civilization of two thousand years ago.

In justice to the poet the lays should be read aloud, for he distinctly emphasized the fact that they were supposed to be recited in public by old Roman ballad makers. The spirit of the poetry will be more fully appreciated in an oral reading, and it will be seen that the swing and resonance of the proper names add much to the power of the lines. Reading aloud will solve the problem of the pronunciation of the names, for the meter will show where each is to be accented.

Students are advised to read the lays through three times. The first time they should seek to understand the text, using the explanatory notes; the second time they should search for the beauties of style, according to suggestions on pages 106–110; the third time they should reread for pure enjoyment.

HORATIUS

Macaulay in this lay makes a plebeian recite the story of one of Rome's greatest legendary heroes. The date of recitation was one hundred and twenty years after the events described. The traditional date of the founding of Rome is 754 B.C. and the year of the city CCCLX would be 394 B.C. Wicked King Tarquin had been expelled from Rome, and in his efforts to regain his throne, he appealed to Porsena, king of Clusium, in Etruria. The story begins at this point.

Page 1, STANZA I. **Lars.** This honorary title was usually given to the oldest son in an Etruscan family, while Aruns was the title of a younger son. *Lars* is our *lord.*

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Nine Gods. The most important Etruscan deities were probably nine in number, although scholars are not all agreed upon that point.

House of Tarquin. The family of Tarquin is meant. This figurative expression, *house of*, is still in use to-day.

Trysting day. *Tryst* is a Scandinavian word related to *trust* and to *true*. Originally it meant a *pledge*. A trysting day is a day solemnly appointed for meeting.

Array. Troops. To *array* is to place in order, and what is thus arrayed may be persons or things, according to the context.

II. **Tower and town and cottage.** Note in this stanza and the following, how vividly Macaulay suggests from what diverse regions and homes the allies of Porsena come.

Page 2, III. Amain. *Main* is an Old English word meaning *strength, power;* the prefix *a*, like that in *afoot*, is the same as *on* or *in*. *With strength* would be the modern phrase. We still say "with might and main." See *Virginia*, line 270. Milton used *amain* in *Lycidas:*—

> "Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
> (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)."

Hamlet. A *home-let*, or small village. *Let* is a diminutive.

IV. **Hold.** Stronghold.

V. **Mart.** A shorter form of *market*, a place devoted to the buying and selling of goods of various sorts. Pisa was a prosperous commercial town and was frequented by merchants.

Triremes. Vessels with three banks of oars to propel them.

Corn. Not our American corn, but grain of different kinds.

Page 3, VI. Champ. A Scandinavian word which means *chew noisily*. Why does Macaulay prefer it to "eat" or "chew"?

Mere. An Old English word meaning *lake*. It is now seldom used except in poetry.

VIII. **Must.** The juice of the grape. In Italy, then, as now, wine was commonly made by "trampling out the vintage" by foot, in huge vats. Macaulay had probably seen the highly picturesque groups of barefooted Italian girls talking and laughing as they worked.

Page 4, IX. Verses . . . traced from the right. In the ancient Phœnician system of writing, from which ours was developed later, it

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was customary to go from right to left on the page. These Etruscan manuscripts, written in the most archaic fashion, represent a very early stage, when the European races imitated the Phœnicians. Certain Oriental nations, such as the Persians, write in this way to-day.

Seers of yore. *Seer*, from *see*, means *prophet*, one able to foresee. *Yore* is the old genitive plural of *year*, and has come to mean *formerly*, or possessed *of years*.

X. **Royal dome.** *Royal house*, from Latin *domus*. This is not a very common use of the word *dome*, which ordinarily signifies merely the cupola-like portion of a large building.

Nurscia. The Etruscan goddess of fortune.

Golden shields of Rome. During the reign of Numa, according to tradition, a golden shield fell from heaven. The soothsayers asserted that the loss of the shield would betoken the destruction of Rome and consequently every effort was made to preserve it. Eleven duplicates were fashioned, and the twelve shields were carefully guarded in the temple of Mars.

XI. **Tale of men.** *Number of men.* *Tale* is from *tell*, meaning *count*, and signifies that which is counted. Cf. Milton's *L'Allegro* : —

"And every shepherd tells his tale,"

a verse which the best critics interpret as meaning "counts the number (of his sheep)."

Page 5, XII. Tusculan Mamilius. Tusculum was a powerful hill town, about a dozen miles from Rome. It has always been a famous spot to students of literature, for Cicero, Cato, and other distinguished men had villas there.

XIII. In the following stanzas note the contrast between the splendid picture of the rallying of Porsena's troops and the account of the frightened refugees.

Yellow Tiber. The Tiber, as well as other Italian rivers, is muddy in appearance, having an odd, dull yellow color.

Champaign. A *plain*, Latin *campum*. The Campagna (campan'ya) is the open country outside any Italian town. The Roman Campagna is especially famous for its beauty.

XIV. **Litters.** Portable low beds.

Staves. Plural of *staff*.

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Page 6, XV. **Skins of wine.** The earliest method of carrying liquids was to place them in bottles made of skins sewed firmly into shape.

Kine. The old plural of *cow*, formed by a change in the vowel. Cf. other plurals, such as *mice*, *men*, and *teeth*.

Waggons. This word is still spelled with two g's in England.

XVI. **Rock Tarpeian.** A rock in Rome on the Capitoline Hill, associated with the legend of Tarpeia, a young girl who betrayed her country to the Sabines, on condition that she should be given what they wore on their arms. Instead of receiving their golden bracelets, as she had expected, she was slain by the shower of heavy shields hurled upon her.

Burghers. Citizens of a *burg*, or *borough*, a term denoting a *town*.

Fathers. Senators. See General Introduction, page 85.

Page 7, XVIII. **I wis.** *I believe.* Properly spelled *ywis*, and really meaning *certainly*. Macaulay followed the old erroneous belief that there was a verb *wis*, meaning *believe*.

Sore. *Sorely*, or *sadly*.

Girded up their gowns. The long robes worn by senators made it impossible for them to move quickly unless they belted or girded up their gowns.

Hied them. *Hastened;* an Old English word used now only in poetry. Cf. Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, I, 5, 26, "Hie thee hither."

Page 8, XXI. Note how Macaulay makes the confused "cloud" gradually become distinct color, and form, and sound.

XXIII. **Port and vest.** *Port*, from Latin *portare*, *carry*, means *carriage*, *bearing*. *Vest* is the same as Latin *vestis* and our *vestment* or *vesture*.

Lucumo. *Etruscan;* the word originally meant *priest* and later was synonymous with *prince*.

Four-fold shield. A shield with wooden frame, covered with four thicknesses of leather.

Brand. *Sword*, a common term in early heroic poetry. The development in meaning from *firebrand* to something flashing like a firebrand is easily seen. Scott used the word freely. Cf. *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto II, stanza XXXII: —

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"'Twas I that taught his youthful hand
To rein a steed and wield a brand;"

and Tennyson's *Morte D'Arthur*, "Take my brand, Excalibur."

Thrasymene. The lake made famous in later times by the victory of Hannibal over the Romans, in a battle fought on its shores.

Page 9, XXIV. **False Sextus.** The Tarquin whose infamous attack on Lucretia, the noble Roman matron, caused her to take her own life.

Page 10, XXVI. **Van.** *Vanguard,* the front of an army.

XXVII. **Brave Horatius.** Horatius was surnamed Cocles, or one-eyed, although he was doubtless not blind. Macaulay makes him a patrician and is here extolling the spirit of the early patricians. Note the simplicity and nobility of Horatius's speech, ringing with patriotic fervor. How does Horatius compare with other epic heroes? See the *Study of Heroic Poetry*, page XI, and the epics mentioned in the bibliography, page 113.

XXVIII. **Maidens who feed the eternal flame.** There were six priestesses whose duty it was to keep burning the flame on the altar of Vesta, goddess of the hearth. It was believed that disaster would befall the city if the fire were extinguished.

Page 11, XXIX. **Yon strait path.** *Yon* is a short, poetic form of *yonder*. *Strait,* from Latin *strictum*, means *strict, narrow.* It is an entirely different word from *straight.* Cf. *Gospel of Matthew* vii. 13, "Enter ye in at the strait gate."

XXX. **Spurius Lartius** and **Herminius.** These men, too, were patricians.

Page 12, XXXII. **Spoils.** *Loot,* or *booty,* captured in war. Sometimes very valuable jewels, gold, and other precious things were taken.

XXXIII. **Tribunes beard the high.** The officers representing the plebeians often made themselves disliked by patricians because of their arrogant demands. See Shakespeare's *Coriolanus.* To *beard* is to seize contemptuously by the beard, then, by figurative use, to attack or oppose a person very boldly.

XXXIV. **Harness.** *Trappings of war, armor.* The word is kin to *iron.* Cf. Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* V, 5, 52, "At least we'll die with harness on our back;" and Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity,* XXVII: —

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"And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable."

Commons. *Plebeians.* Note in the following stanzas the rapidity of Macaulay's narrative and also the specific names of warriors and the kind of blows they gave.

Page 14, XXXIX. **Fen.** *Bog,* or *marsh.* Cf. the Fens, in Boston.

XL. **Fell pirate.** *Fell* is an old word signifying *cruel, grim.*

Hinds. *Country laborers,* from an old word meaning *domestic.*

Page 16, XLIII. **The she-wolf's litter.** The descendants of Romulus and of Remus, fabled founders of Rome, who were nursed by a wolf. See *The Prophecy of Capys.*

Page 17, XLVI. **Augurs.** Priests who interpreted the omens, or auguries, observed in the flight of birds and other such natural phenomena.

XLVIII. **Prowess.** *Bravery,* from an Old French word.

Page 20, LV. **Turret-tops.** *Turrets* are small *towers* rising above the line of wall.

Page 21, LIX. **Father Tiber.** The river god, represented in later Roman statuary as an old man reclining, surrounded by little children, who represented the sources and tributaries of the river.

Page 22, LXII. **I ween.** *I think;* from an Old English verb meaning *imagine, expect.*

Page 24, LXVI. **Comitium.** That part of the Forum where the assemblies, or *comitiæ* met. See General Introduction, page 85.

Page 25, LXIX. For other pictures of rustic life among the ancients, see Idylls V and VIII of Theocritus, the Greek poet, translated by Andrew Lang.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS

This lay is supposed to be recited by a Roman poet, about ninety years after *Horatius.* Some of the persons mentioned in *Horatius* appear here also. Macaulay says, "The principal distinction between the lay of *Horatius* and the lay of the *Lake Regillus* is that the former is meant to be purely Roman, while the latter, though national in its general spirit, has a slight tincture of Greek learning and of Greek

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superstition. . . . In the following poem, therefore, images and incidents have been borrowed, not merely without scruple, but on principle, from the incomparable battle pieces of Homer."

Page 26, TITLE. **The feast of Castor and Pollux.** The twin sons of Jove were famous for their brotherly love as well as for their "manly virtues."

STANZA I. **Lictors.** Officers whose duty it was to attend the Roman magistrates and act as bodyguard. A lictor bore *fasces*, a bundle of rods from which an axe projected.

Knights. The *equites*, who ranked below the senate and above the plebeians, were knights. The knight as we generally think of him, a representative of chivalry, was not known until many centuries after this. See *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* and other romances of chivalry mentioned on page 114.

Castor in the Forum. The temple of the god.

Mars without the wall. The temple of Mars, outside the city walls.

Purple. Purple robes were worn by those holding high official position.

Olive. The olive has always been a symbol of peace. Cf. the opening lines of stanza III of Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*: —

> "But he, her fears to cease,
> Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
> She, crowned with olive green," etc.

Yellow River. See above, page 88.

Sacred Hill. *Mons Sacer*, outside the city. The plebeians had often held consultations on this hill. It was here that Menenius Agrippa told the fable of the stomach and the limbs.

Ides of Quintilis. The fifteenth day of July. According to the Roman calendar the days of the month were reckoned with reference to *calends* (kā'-lendz), *nones* (nōnz), and *ides* (īdz). The first day of each month was known as the *calends* (Latin *calare* = call), probably because on this day the priests were accustomed to *call*, or proclaim, the approaching *nones*, which fell on the seventh of March, May, July, and October, and on the fifth day of the other months. The *nones* (Latin *nonus* = ninth) marked the ninth day before the ides. Accord-

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ingly, the ides of March, May, July, and October fell on the fifteenth and the ides of other months on the thirteenth day. The derivation of *ides* is very uncertain. It may come from a Greek word meaning *see*, and may indicate the day on which the full moon might be seen.

Martian Kalends. The first day of March.

December's Nones. The fifth day of December.

Squadron. A body of cavalry. The word meant, originally, a *square* of men. To-day it is applied to a body of cavalry, or of infantry, or to a fleet of ships.

Rome's whitest day. White was considered representative of all that is propitious. *Candidate* (Latin *candidatus* = clothed in white) was the name applied to one seeking office, who was required by law to wear white.

Page 27, II. The city of two kings. Lacedæmon always was governed by two kings who held office at the same time.

II. **From the East.** From Greece.

III. **Cots.** *Cottages.* The word remains in *cotter* and in *sheepcote.* In a slightly different sense we have *cot*, meaning a bed of a size suited to a *cottage.*

Angle. An Old English word meaning first *hook* and then *fishhook. Angler* is still often used instead of *fisherman* by people who like to speak a somewhat old-fashioned language.

The Thirty Cities. An important Latin league.

Page 29, V. Consul first in place. "Consul Major, one who had the largest number of votes, or with whom the forces were, or one who was oldest or had most children." (Andrews.)

The Herald of the Latines. The Latins here meant are those inhabitants of Latium outside of Rome. They sent a *herald*, or officer, empowered to carry a formal challenge of war.

Page 30, VII. Eyrie. An *eyrie* is a nest built by a bird of prey, usually in some high place difficult of access. The proper spelling is *aery*, for the word is derived from Latin *area.*

Page 31, VIII. Dictator. In times of extreme danger to the nation it was customary to name a *dictator*, or executive, who should have almost absolute power.

Axes twenty-four. Twenty-four lictors. See above, page 92.

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Page 32, X. Note the rapidity with which Macaulay characterizes the various towns and gives them some distinctively picturesque attribute.

Ghastly priest. Human sacrifices were anciently offered, in the shadow of Aricia's trees, to Diana.

Page 33, XI. **Charger.** A *charger* is a strong horse used to carrying a heavy burden or *charge.* The word is ordinarily used to designate a spirited war horse. Note the use of *charger* in the old romances mentioned on page 114. Cf. Lowell's *The Vision of Sir Launfal,* Part First, stanza III: —

> "The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
> And through the dark arch a charger sprang."

Page 34, XII. **A woman fair and stately.** Lucretia. See above, page 90.

Page 36, XIV. Note how Macaulay makes the battle vivid by describing not the actual blows given but the sights and sounds which show how furiously men fought.

Targe. *Target,* a small shield.

XV. **Corselet.** From French *corselet* meaning *a little body* and hence *armor for the body.* Note the materials used and compare with the medieval plate armor and chain armor.

Helm. A poetical form of *helmet.*

Brake. A growth of ferns or of low bushes.

Page 38, XVI. **Bucklers.** *Shields.* The word is derived from Latin *bocula* = the *boss* or *knob* in the center of a shield. Frequently shields in ancient times were several feet long and could well form a wall if placed edge to edge. The word is used often in the Bible. Cf. Psalm xci. 4, "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

Pruning among his elms. Pruning grape-vines trained upon elm trees.

Clients. Men under the protection of a wealthy landowner who guarded their interests and who expected them to render him assistance in time of war.

Page 40, XVII. **Weal and woe.** *Prosperity and disaster.* Note the alliteration in this and in similar phrases such as "make or mar," "sink or swim."

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Bestrode. Stood over for protection.

Span deep. A *span* is the distance from the tip of the thumb to that of the little finger when the hand is open, usually considered nine inches.

Yeomen. The sturdy soldiers of the plebeian order. The derivation is uncertain, but probably the word meant, originally, *villager*.

Page 41, XIX. Note the appeals made here to the reader's eye and ear.

Wist. See above, page 89.

A Consular. Of consular rank. Valerius had been consul.

Page 42, XXII. **Amain.** See above, page 87.

Page 44, XXV. **Auster.** The *south wind* for which the horse was named is characterized by violent heat and by swift, tempestuous movement.

Page 45, XXVII. **Lay on.** Give valiant blows.

XXIX. How does this wild journey compare with that taken by Paul Revere and with that in Browning's poem, *How They brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix?*

Page 46, XXX. **Carnage.** *Massacre* attended by fearful *bloodshed.*

Furies of thy brother. The *Furies,* or *Eumenides* of the Greek mythology, pursued murderers with unabating zeal. The brother is the guilty Tarquin who caused the death of Lucretia. See above, page 90.

Capuan's hall. Capua was famous for its luxuriousness.

Page 48, XXXIV. Note how successfully Macaulay suggests the widespread worship of Castor and Pollux by mentioning cities in different regions: one in Greece, one in Africa, one in Italy, and one in Sicily.

Mast of Syracuse. Syracuse, a sea town, built on an elevation, has had a powerful position. It is one of the most interesting of Sicilian towns at the present day.

Page 49, XXXV. **Couched low his spear.** *To couch a spear* is to place it, in a position for speedy action, low over the saddle.

Page 50, XXXVI. **Adrian main.** *The Adriatic Sea. Main* is used in poetry for both sea and land, meaning the *main* part of either as opposed to small portions.

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Page 52, XXXVII. **High Pontiff.** *Pontifex Maximus*, the head of the system of priests, or pontiffs. He was a person of great importance. See General Introduction, page 85.

Etruria's colleges. Not *colleges* in our modern sense, but assemblies of men devoted to the study of religious rites.

XXXVII. **Pricking.** *Spurring.*

Page 53, XXXVIII. **Asylum.** Romulus, according to legend, founded a place of refuge on the Capitoline Hill, where fugitives from other nations were received and protected on condition that they would become citizens of Rome.

Fire that burns for aye. See above, page 90.

Shield that fell from Heaven. See above, page 88.

Page 53, XXXIX. **Durst.** *Dared*, an archaic form frequently used by poets.

XL. **Dorians.** Inhabitants of Doris, in Greece, famous for their force of character.

Sit shining on the sails. The twin brothers were identified with the constellation *Gemini*, and were guides to mariners.

VIRGINIA

In this lay the cause of the plebeians is celebrated. Macaulay makes the poet recite his story seventy years after the events mentioned had taken place. We are to imagine him addressing a gathering of plebeians who have just reëlected their tribunes and are rejoicing over the rights and privileges they have gained.

Page 56, LINE 6. **Maids with snaky tresses.** An allusion to the story of Medusa, the Gorgon, whose head was wreathed with snakes. The Furies, also, were maids with snaky tresses.

Sailors turned to swine. An allusion to the story in the *Odyssey*, where the companions of Ulysses are turned to swine by the enchantress, Circe.

10. **Wicked Ten.** The *Decemvirs*, who had been appointed to draw up laws satisfactory to both patricians and plebeians, and to take charge of the government for one year. They were patricians. At first the decemvirs proved highly efficient, but in the second year they became insolent and unjust, rousing the anger of the plebeians.

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Page 57, 15. Eyed askance. Looked obliquely, or crookedly; with suspicion.

23. **Such varlets,** etc. Such rascals perform shameful deeds for the sake of money. *Varlet* is the same as *vassal* and *valet*, and has a suggestion of servility.

The lying Greeks. This is an expression of Roman prejudice. There was great rivalry between the two nations.

24. **Licinius.** The newly elected tribune. See title of the poem.

31. **Tablets.** Pieces of wood, or ivory, overlaid with wax, upon which a person wrote by means of a sharp-pointed instrument called a *stylus*. Our *style* is derived from this word.

Page 58, 35. Sacred street. The *Via Sacra* leading from a city gate, through various windings, up to the Capitoline Hill, where Jupiter's temple stood.

36. **Good old song.** A reference to Lucretia, the model matron, who was found employed at household tasks at a time when other women were usually idle. See above, page 94.

45. **Alban mountains.** A beautiful range of hills not far from Rome.

47. Note the concrete pictures of everyday life in the Forum. See General Introduction, page 85.

Page 59, 50. Panniers. *Bread baskets*, originally from Latin *panis* meaning *bread*. Panniers are carried at the sides of a horse's saddle.

64. **Punic wares.** *Carthaginian.* The *Pœni*, or *Carthaginians*, made very artistic and sumptuous articles for household use, which were imported by Roman merchants just as we to-day import Parisian wares.

66. **Flesher.** *Butcher.* Properly speaking, a *butcher* slays only goats, but we have broadened the meaning of the word.

Page 60, 70. Caitiff. A base rascal, from Latin *captivus* = a captive wretch. This word appears often in the old romances.

74. **Year of the sore sickness.** The plague, which devastated the country.

76. **Augurs.** See above, page 91.

81. Note here, and later, how the word *tribune* is repeated in order to emphasize the cause celebrated by the poet.

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87. **Icilius.** Betrothed to Virginia.

Page 61, 89. That column. A column erected in memory of Horatius, who was victor in the fight between the three Roman Horatii and the three Alban Curiatii. This is not the hero of Macaulay's lay, *Horatius.*

94. **Quirites.** Roman citizens. The word is derived from *Cures*, a Sabine town, whose inhabitants were called *Quirites.* "After the Sabines and the Romans had united themselves into one community, under Romulus, the name of *Quirites* was taken in addition to that of *Romani*, the Romans calling themselves, in a civil capacity, *Quirites*, while in a political and military capacity they retained the name of Romani." (Andrews.)

95. **Servius.** Servius Tullius, one of the legendary kings of Rome, was loved by the commons, partly because he was a wise lawgiver, and partly because he was, by birth, of their rank. His mother was a servant in the household of King Tarquinius; his father was a god. The supernatural attributes of the child led Tarquinius to adopt him and in time to marry him to his daughter, thus making him heir to the throne.

96. **Tarquin's evil seed.** See above, page 90.

97. **Those false sons.** The sons of Lucius Junius Brutus, traitors to their country, were slain by their father.

98. **Scævola.** A noble Roman named Mucius went as spy into the camp of Porsena during the war that continued after the exploit of Horatius, who kept the bridge. When Mucius was discovered and threatened with death, he won his freedom by showing his enemies how great was his fortitude and his scorn of physical suffering; he thrust his right hand into the fire and allowed it to be burned, thus winning the admiration of his enemies. Thenceforth he was called *Scævola*, meaning *left-handed.*

99. **Fox-earth.** The fox's hole in the earth, meaning here, figuratively, the fox.

100. **Brook.** *Endure*, from an Old English word meaning *enjoy.*

102. **Sacred Hill.** See above, page 92.

104. **Marcian fury.** Caius Marcius, later Coriolanus, opposed the plebeians bitterly, and roused their anger to such an extent that they caused him to be exiled. See Shakespeare's *Coriolanus.*

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Fabian Pride. The Fabii were patricians who, shamed by disasters in war where patrician leaders were defeated, took sides with the plebeians, and worked for plebeian causes. The legend of the war of the Fabii with the Veii is to be found in any history of Rome.

105. **Fiercest Quinctius.** The name *Quinctius* belonged by right to three families — the Cincinnati, Capitolini, and Flaminii. Cæso, son of the famous Cincinnatus, was banished for his opposition to the plebeians.

Haughtiest Claudius. Grandfather of the Appius Claudius of the story.

106. **Fasces.** The bundles of rods bound up with an axe, borne by lictors. See above, page 92.

Page 62, 111. Note the attitude of the plebeians toward the patricians and the specific complaints of abuses.

Polling. The registering of votes.

115. **Fillets.** Small bands, passing about the head, used to confine the hair. They were a symbol of priesthood and also of patrician rank, since plebeians were not admitted to the priesthood.

116. **Curule chair.** This chair, inlaid with ivory and possessing neither arms nor back, was used by important officers of state. Probably *curule* is derived from *currus*, meaning *a car*, since the chair was frequently placed in a car to be drawn through the streets on important occasions.

Press. *Impress*, force to serve.

117. **Cohorts.** A group of about five hundred soldiers, part of a legion.

118. **Garners.** *Granaries.*

119. **Leech-craft.** *Medicine. Leech* is the Old English word for *physician.* Cf. Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book I, Canto V, stanza XVII: —

> "Home is he brought, and layd in sumptous bed,
> Where many skilfull leaches him abide
> To salve his hurts."

120. **Usance.** *Usury*, the demanding of an exorbitant rate of interest on money lent by the rich to the poor. Cf. Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, I, 3, 45–46: —

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"He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice."

122. **Noisome.** *Evil smelling* and dangerous to health. The same as *noxious.*

123. **Dog-star heat.** Sirius, the Dog Star, was supposed to be influential in bringing heat in July and August.

124. **Holes for free-born feet.** *Stocks,* wooden frames, where the feet were imprisoned. A picture of stocks may be found in Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary.*

127. **Shades.** *Departed spirits.*

Page 63, 133. **Corinthian mirrors.** Corinth, in Greece, was famous for its bronze. Mirrors were, in olden times, made of highly polished metal.

Page 64, 148. **Great sewer.** The *Cloaca Maxima,* the huge drain of Rome.

150. **Whittle.** A butcher's knife.

152. Note the tender beauty of this picture of family life.

157. **Civic crown.** A crown of oak leaves, given to a man who had saved another's life.

162. **Urn.** The small jar in which the ashes of the dead were sacredly preserved.

Page 66, 193. **Nether gloom.** *Nether* is derived from a word meaning *downward, lower.* Cf. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner,* Part III: —

"The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip."

The dwellers in the nether gloom are the inhabitants of the lower world. Here, evidently, Macaulay refers particularly to the Furies, who pursued murderers.

Page 67, 213. **Cypress crown.** The cypress tree is associated with death. Italian cemeteries are, to-day, full of cypresses.

216. **Rabble.** From a word meaning to *chatter;* now a noisy, violent crowd. Cf. Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* V, 5, 29, "To be baited with the rabble's curse."

217. **Crafts.** *Occupations.* The Old English word means *skill, force.*

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Page 68, 228. Pincian Hill. One of the lesser Roman hills.

Latin Gate. The *Porta Latina*, on the road leading to Capua, was on the opposite side of Rome from the Pincian.

Page 69, 244. Potsherds. *Pot-shards*, pieces of broken pots.

248. Note the tribute paid to the really patriotic patricians.

249. **Caius of Corioli.** The patrician mentioned in line 104 above, who won an important victory over the Volscians at Corioli, and was thenceforth called Coriolanus.

251. **Beneath the yoke of Furius.** Camillus, victor over the Gauls in their war with Rome about 389 B.C. The conquered were made to pass under a *yoke* formed by making one spear rest horizontally upon two other spears driven into the ground.

257. **Cossus.** See *Battle of Lake Regillus*, stanza XXIII.

258. **Fabius.** See above, page 99.

259. **Claudian litter.** The Claudian family, referred to contemptuously by the term applied to a family of young puppies or other animals.

Page 70, 277. Sea-marks. The various landmarks on the coast of Calabria, in southeastern Italy, were guides to mariners.

Spume. From Latin *spuma*, meaning *foam*.

278. **Thunder Cape.** The promontory in Greece, opposite Calabria.

Page 71, 283. Retainers. *Dependents* holding a higher position than mere servants.

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS

Macaulay tells us that this lay was recited in honor of the victory of the Romans over King Pyrrhus of Greece, about 275 B.C. Representing a later period of Roman history than any of the other lays, *The Prophecy of Capys* "shows a much wider acquaintance with the geography, manners, and productions of remote nations."

Page 72, STANZA I. After Alba Longa had been founded on the mountainous side of the Alban lake by Ascanius, son of Æneas, it was ruled prosperously until the days of Amulius, who, in his desire to be sole potentate, attempted to destroy all the heirs to the throne. When the two children of his sister, Rhea Silvia, and the god Mars, were

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born, he ordered that the mother be killed and the children drowned. However, through care of the gods, the children were preserved by a wolf, who nursed them until a shepherd found them, and under the shepherd's roof Romulus and Remus grew to manhood. Tradition says that Rome was founded by them about 754 B.C.

Sylvian line. Sylvius, or Silvius, was a descendant of Æneas.

Throne of Aventine. Aventinus was one of the descendants of Æneas, coming later than Silvius.

Page 73, III. Burgher. See above, page 89.

Poplar crown. The poplar was sacred to Hercules, who wore a poplar crown after his return from Hades.

Page 75, VIII. Holy fillets. See above, page 99.

Page 76, XI. Note that the prophet addresses Romulus, for whom Rome was named.

XII. **Our vines clasp many a tree.** Note the concrete way of suggesting what was wealth. The vines, made to trail from one tree to another near by, instead of over a trellis, were luxuriant in growth and extended their tendrils widely. Large vineyards were a sign of prosperity.

XIII. Note the very specific references to places and things. Macaulay intended to show how wealthy and effeminate people gathered objects of luxury from distant lands, often at great expense. Spain, Africa, Arabia, and Phœnicia yielded their treasures for the pleasure of idle Romans. The contrasts between the soldier and the mere citizen are emphasized constantly in these stanzas.

Arabia shall not steep thy locks. The "perfumes of Arabia" were used lavishly in Roman toilets. Cf. Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, V, 1, 57, "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

Sidon. Tyre, and its neighbor Sidon, were famous for gorgeous purple dyes.

Page 77, XIV. Myrrh. A transparent gum used chiefly for perfumes.

Thou wast not made for lucre. Not destined to engage in affairs connected with mere money and gain.

XV. Note how this stanza serves as "topic sentence," explained and amplified by details in the following stanzas.

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From sunrise unto sunset. From east to west.

Page 78, XVIII. Pomona. The goddess of fruits and fruit trees.

Liber. An old Italian god, who presided over planting.

Pales. The goddess of shepherds and of flocks.

Venus. The familiar goddess of love.

XIX. **Thy father.** *Mars*, the war god.

Reeks. Runs, steaming with vapor. The word comes from an Old English word meaning *vapor*.

Page 79. XX. Soft Campanian. The inhabitants of southern Italy were famous for their effeminateness.

Tyre. See above, page 102.

Scrolls of wordy lore. In ancient times books were not bound up in pages as are ours to-day, but were made by fastening leaves together lengthwise until a sheet often many feet long was prepared. This was then carefully rolled on a staff and in order to get the *learning*, or *lore*, contained, the reader slowly unrolled the book. *Scroll* meant, originally, *shred*.

XXI. **Pilum.** A heavy javelin.

Legion. A body of soldiers, numbering perhaps five thousand.

Wheels of triumph. Military conquerors held triumphal processions, in which they exhibited the spoils of war, — armor, gold, jewels, and captives. Study closely Macaulay's description of a triumph, both here and in the following stanzas. Cf. the opening scene of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*.

Laurelled train. Procession of people crowned with the victor's laurel.

Fane. *Temple*, from Latin *fanum* meaning a place *dedicated*.

XXII. **Volscian.** Referring to the wars in which Coriolanus was victor. See above, page 101.

Vail. From a French word meaning *lower*.

Capua's revellers. The effeminate Capuans were obliged to ask military aid from Rome in wars against the Samnites.

Lucumoes of Arnus. Originally Etruscan priests, later warriors. The *Arnus*, the chief river of Etruria, is the modern *Arno* on which Florence is built.

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Samnite's. An inhabitant of Samnium, a district southeast of Latium. Rome conducted three wars against the Samnites.

Page 80, XXIII. Gaul. The Gauls were old enemies of the Romans. Macaulay refers here, probably, to the war with Brennus, when the cackling of the geese saved Rome.

XXIV. **Greek.** Pyrrhus, one of the most successful Greek generals. He came against Rome in response to an appeal from the Tarentines, who wished his help in fighting their battles with the Romans.

Huge earth-shaking beast. The *elephant*, used by the Eastern nations in battle. The presence of the elephants usually brought dismay to the opposing armies.

Epirotes. Citizens of Epirus, in northern Greece, over which Pyrrhus was king.

False Tarentum. The Tarentines had grossly insulted a Roman ambassador, and had even descended to personal abuse, soiling his senatorial gown. Macaulay, in telling the story, in his introduction to this lay, pictures the ambassador saying, "Men of Tarentum, it will take not a little blood to wash this gown."

Page 81, XXVI. Note how the prophet, becoming more and more frenzied, bursts out into exclamation and tumultuous acclaim.

Serried shields. Shields closely locked together by their bearers, in order to present an impenetrable front. *Series* comes from the same root as *serried.*

XXVII. **Wan.** *Colorless*, originally; now suggestive of paleness and fatigue.

Red King. Pyrrhus; the name, in Greek, means *flame-colored.*

Gown washed white. See above, note to "False Tarentum."

Page 82, XXVIII. Pheasant. The pheasant was a land bird found commonly in Greece.

Indian kings. Potentates, possessing fabulous wealth, defeated and despoiled by the Greeks.

Many-coloured tablets. Set with various jewels.

Stone . . . brass. Statuary and artistic ornaments of metal, carved or chased with subtle skill.

Cunning. From the verb *can* meaning *know.* The knowledge of the Greeks had a certain element of our modern *cunning*, or *dexterity.*

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XXIX. **Manius Curius.** Manius Curius Dentatus defeated Pyrrhus in a fierce battle near Beneventum, in Samnium.

Third embroidered gown. An embroidered gown was worn by a triumphant general. Curius had already won two triumphs.

Steeds of Rosea. Rosea was noted for its fertility and for its fine horses.

Mevania's bull. Mevania, in Umbria, was famous for its snow-white cattle. At the fairs in Umbria to-day one may see the splendid white oxen, decorated with red ribbons.

Page 83, XXX. The Suppliant's Grove. The Asylum of Romulus. See above, page 96.

XXXI. Note how Macaulay concludes with a suggestion of the infinite distances traversed by the glory of Rome. Greece, Syria, Egypt, Carthage, the remote north, the east, the African mountains, in the south, all tremble at the name of Rome. This stanza, the last in the series of four lays, is intended to sum up the position of Ancient Rome and to give a magnificent tribute to the fame of the Eternal City.

Towers of Corinth. Corinth was built on the isthmus that connects the Peloponnesus with the mainland of Greece. It had a commanding position for trade by land and by sea, and was one of the greatest and most prosperous Greek cities.

Gigantic King of Day. The Colossus of Rhodes, the huge statue dedicated to the sun, was one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

Dark red colonnades. Long avenues of columns made out of porphyry, a red stone harder than granite.

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NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STUDY OF THE POETRY OF THE LAYS

NOTE. One or two pages of text may profitably be assigned to each student, and he may be held responsible for the material included there. This course may be followed in class, or out, according to the teacher's, preference.

I. Macaulay's Use of the Concrete and the Specific

Collect as many definite references as possible to trees, flowers, colors,[1] sounds, articles of dress, different kinds of weapons, articles of food, occupations, and amusements. Where did Macaulay gain all this information in regard to everyday life and surroundings in Rome in ancient days?

II. The Descriptive Element

1. What is the most vivid account of a combat between two warriors? How much time does the combat seem to occupy? How many lines does Macaulay devote to it?

2. What is the best description of a battle? How does Macaulay's description compare with that of Shakespeare in the fifth act of *Macbeth?* With that of Scott in the sixth canto of *Marmion?* With that of Homer in the fifth, sixteenth, and seventeenth books of the *Iliad?*

3. What is the best description of the personal appearance of a warrior?

4. What is the best description of the appearance of an approaching army?

5. What is the best description of a landscape?

6. What is the best description of a town?

7. What is the best description of a river?

8. What stanza would give a painter the best suggestions for a picture?

[1] Cf. stanza XXI of *The Battle of the Lake Regillus.*

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III. Style and Diction

1. Did Macaulay prefer to use long words, of two or more syllables, or short words? Count the number of each kind on one page.

2. Did he prefer simple words, or compound?

3. Make a list of the archaic words he used, such as "wist," "amain."

4. Compare the following passages: —

"Quickly the twin brothers came, from their home in Greece, across mountains, cities, and the sea."

"Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren
Came spurring from the east.
They came o'er wild Parthenius
Tossing in waves of pine,
O'er Cirrha's dome, o'er Adria's foam,
O'er purple Apennine,
From where with flutes and dances
Their ancient mansion rings,
In lordly Lacedæmon,
The City of two kings."

Decide why Macaulay chose —

"Swift, swift" instead of "quickly" or "swift."

"Brethren" instead of "brothers."

"Came spurring" instead of "came."

"From the east" instead of "from Greece."

"Parthenius" instead of "mountain."

"Tossing in waves of pine" instead of "covered with trees."

"O'er" instead of "over."

"Cirrha's dome" instead of "a high city."

"Adria's foam" instead of "Adriatic sea."

"Purple Apennine" instead of "colored Apennine."

"Flutes and dances" instead of "music and festivity."

"Rings" instead of "resounds."

"Lordly Lacedæmon" instead of "royal Lacedæmon."

5. Decide how much Macaulay depended upon figures of speech for his vividness and beauty of expression, by collecting examples of the following figures. Note in each case whether the figure helps you to understand or makes the passage obscure.

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Repetition. Ex.: "Brave champion on brave steed."
Simile. Ex.: "Upon his head a helmet
Of red gold shone like flame."
Metaphor. Ex.: "The proud Samnite's heart of steel
Shall yield to only thee."
Personification. Ex.: "Camerium knows how deeply
The sword of Aulus bites."
Synecdoche. Ex.: "Arabia shall not steep thy locks."
Antithesis. Ex.: "As we wax hot in faction
In battle we wax cold."
Epithet. Ex.: "False Sextus;" "Proud Ides."
Onomatopœia. Ex.: "The braying of the war-horns,
The clang of sword and shield."

A little reflection will show how to answer these questions, and then it will be possible to state the more important differences between poetry and prose, in music of words, in concrete, vivid images, in figurative language, and in general richness of style.

6. Special study may be given to the following stanzas, which contain particularly suggestive beauties. Adjective by adjective, verb by verb, the verses may be discussed, and pupils may compare Macaulay's words with various synonyms, and so learn to appreciate the care with which he chose his language.

Horatius. Stanzas IV, XXI, XXVII, XXXV, XXXVI, LIX.

The Battle of the Lake Regillus. Stanzas X, XI, XIV, XIX, XXIX.

Virginia. Lines 93–128.

The Prophecy of Capys. Stanzas XVIII, XIX, XXVIII, XXXI.

IV. Versification

1. Discover, by scanning, what is the meter of each lay.
2. Why is there no division into stanzas in *Virginia?*
3. Why are the stanzas of the other lays of varying length?
4. Collect examples of middle, or internal rime, such as: —
"From the green *steeps*, whence Anio *leaps*."
What do they add to the music of the verse?
5. Collect examples of alliteration, such as: —

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"*W*hen he *was* a*ware* of a *p*rincely *p*air
Fast *p*ricking *t*owards the *t*own."

What does alliteration add to the music of the verse?

6. Read aloud stanza XXIX of *The Battle of the Lake Regillus*, and then read a dozen lines from Milton's *Lycidas*. What are the chief differences in sound between the two?

V. The Structure of the Narrative

1. Make a list of the most important actors in each lay, and note how many unimportant actors are mentioned also.

2. Transform these four narratives into brief dramas by selecting the following material: —

a. All descriptions which would help to give the scenery and the background for the stage setting.

b. All descriptions which would help to decide questions in regard to the costumes worn by actors.

c. All passages which would show what each actor must *do* in playing his part upon the stage.

d. All passages which would show what each actor must *say* in playing his part. Note the monologues and the dialogues.

3. In how many different places would the scene of action be in each lay?

4. Is it easy to find out where each scene would end, or has Macaulay told his story in such a way as to keep one actor continuously before us?

5. What would have to be omitted if the lays were dramatized? Why?

6. What scenes would be most dramatic, *i.e.* most full of action and most uncertain as to outcome?

VI. Comparison of the Lays with Other Poetry of Similar Style

1. What suggestions of incident, or of description, or of diction did Macaulay find in the works of Sir Walter Scott?

2. What epithets and similes has Macaulay imitated from Homer?

3. What names of armor or of battle line has Macaulay taken from older heroic poetry?

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4. How does Macaulay's ideal of bravery compare with that of other writers of epic poetry? (See works mentioned on page 113.)

5. Compare Macaulay's knowledge of the Greek and of the Latin classics with that of Milton. What differences are there in their allusions?

6. Compare Macaulay's knowledge of Roman life and history with that of Shakespeare in *Julius Cæsar*.

7. How does Macaulay's imitation of ballad style compare with that of Coleridge in *The Ancient Mariner*?

8. How does Macaulay's narrative style compare in vividness and interest with that of Tennyson in *The Idylls of the King*?

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INDEX OF PROPER NAMES

H. = *Horatius;* R. = *Battle of the Lake Regillus;* V. = *Virginia;* C. = *Prophecy of Capys*

Adria (Á-dree-a). The Adriatic sea, east of Italy.

Æbutius Elva (Ē-bū-shus Ĕl-vă). Master of the Knights in R.

Alba Longa (Ăl-ba Lŏn-ga). The mother city of Rome, founded by Ascanius on the Alban Lake.

Algidus (Ăl-jĭ-dŭs). A mountain in Latium.

Amulius (A-mū-li-us). Uncle of Romulus and Remus. C. I.

Anio (Áh-nee-ō). An important tributary of the Tiber, in Latium.

Arretium (Ar-rée-shum). A city in Etruria.

Bandusia (Băn-dū-zha). A fountain near the birthplace of Horace.

Cæso (Sée-zō). A warrior in R.

Castor. One of the Great Twin Brethren. R. II.

Clusium (Clū-zhum). A city in Etruria, ruled by Lars Porsena.

Comitium (Cō-mĭ-shŭm). See page 91.

Corinth. A powerful Greek city. See page 105.

Cyrene (Sy-rée-ne). A city in Africa.

Etruria (Ē-trū-rĭ-ă). A district in northwestern Italy, modern Tuscany.

Fidenæ (Fī-dée-nee). A city near Rome.

Forum. The center of Roman public life, a place crowded with temples and shops, where citizens assembled.

Furies. The goddesses of vengeance who pursued murderers.

Gabii (Gā-bĭ-ī). A city in Latium.

Herminius. One of the "dauntless three" who held the bridge in *Horatius.* Mentioned also in *The Battle of the Lake Regillus.*

Horatius (Hō-rā-shus). The hero of the first lay. See also page 98.

Janiculum (Ja-nĭc-ŭ-lum). A hill beyond the Tiber, taken by Lars Porsena in *Horatius.*

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Lacedæmon (Lăs-e-dée-mon). A Greek city.

Lars Porsena (Pŏr-sen-a). King of Clusium. See page 86.

Latium. An important district in central Italy, inhabited by Romans, Latins, and Volscians.

Lucrece (Lū-crées). Lucretia, a virtuous Roman matron who took her own life because she was dishonored by Sextus Tarquinius. H. XXIV, R. XII, V. 38.

Lucumo (Lū-cū-mō). Etruscan.

Mamilius. A warrior fighting against the Romans. R. XI.

Manius Curius. The general who defeated Pyrrhus. C. XXIX.

Nurscia (Nŭr-shă). An Etruscan goddess of fortune.

Ostia (Ŏs-tĭ-a). The port of Rome.

Pincian (Pĭn-shăn). A hill of Rome.

Pollux. One of the Great Twin Brethren. R. II.

Pyrrhus (Pĭr-rŭs). A famous Greek general. See page 104.

Regillus (Re-jĭl-lus). A small lake in Latium, where the Romans defeated the Latins.

Remus (Rē-mus). One of the legendary founders of Rome. C. VIII.

Rhea Sylvia (Rée-a Sĭl-vĭ-a). Mother of Romulus and Remus, sister of Amulius.

Romulus (Rŏm-ū-lus). One of the legendary founders of Rome. C. VII.

Sacred Hill. Mons Sacer. See page 92.

Sacred Street. See page 97.

Samnites (Săm-nīts). See page 104.

Scævola (Sée-vō-lă). See page 98.

Sextus. Sextus Tarquinius. The wretch who dishonored Lucretia and caused her death. H. XXIV, R. XII.

Soracte (Sō-rác-tee). A famous snow-capped mountain in Etruria.

Spurius Lartius. One of the "dauntless three" who held the bridge, in *Horatius*.

Suppliant's Grove. See page 96.

Syracuse (Syr-ă-cūs). A city in Sicily.

Taréntum. A powerful city in Calabria. R. XXXIV, C. XXIV.

Tarpeian (Tăr-pée-an). See page 89.

Tarquin. See **Sextus** and **Titus.** The family, once kings of Rome,

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who were exiled by the Romans, and hated for their crimes and their pride.

Thrasymene (Thráz-ĭ-meen). A lake in eastern Etruria. See page 90.

Titus. One of the Tarquins, a brave warrior fighting in the battle of Lake Regillus. R. XIII.

Tusculum (Tŭs-cū-lŭm). See page 88.

Tyre. An important city in Phœnicia, famous for its purple dyes.

Umbria (Ŭm-brĭ-a). One of the districts in Italy, east of Etruria.

Vesta. Goddess of the hearth. See page 90.

Virginia. The young girl, daughter of Virginius, who was the heroine of the third lay.

Volscians (Vŏl-shans). A tribe of central Italy, enemies of the Romans.

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